

THE
CORNHILL
MAGAZINE

126731

NEW SERIES

VOL. XV.

JULY to DECEMBER 1903

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1903

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1903.

*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

KOWNO.

Distinct with footprints yet
Of many a mighty marcher gone that way.

THERE are many who overlook the fact that in Northern lands, more especially in such plains as Lithuania, Courland, and Poland, travel in winter is easier than at any other time of year. The rivers, which run sluggishly in their ditch-like beds, are frozen so completely that the bridges are no longer required. The roads, in summer almost impassable—mere ruts across the plain—are for the time ignored, and the traveller strikes a bee-line from place to place across a level of frozen snow.

Louis d'Arragon had worked out a route across the plain, as he had been taught to shape a course across a chart.

'How did you return from Kowno?' he asked Barlasch.

'Name of my own nose,' replied that traveller. 'I followed the line of dead horses.'

'Then I will take you by another route,' replied the sailor.

And three days later—before General Rapp had made his entry into Dantzic—Barlasch sold two skeletons of horses and a sleigh at an enormous profit to a staff officer of Murat's at Gumbinnen.

They had passed through Rapp's army. They had halted at Königsberg to make inquiry, and now, almost in sight of the Niemen, where the land begins to heave in great waves, like those

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that roll round Cape Horn, they were asking still if any man had seen Charles Darragon.

'Where are you going, comrades?' a hundred men had paused to ask them.

'To seek a brother,' answered Barlasch, who, like many unprincipled persons, had soon found that a lie is much simpler than an explanation.

But the majority glanced at them stupidly without comment, or with only a shrug of their bowed shoulders. They were going the wrong way. They must be mad. Between Dantzic and Königsberg they had indeed found a few travellers going eastward—despatch-bearers seeking Murat—spies going northwards to Tilsit, and General Yorck still in treaty with his own conscience—a prominent member of the Tugendbund, wondering, like many others, if there were any virtue left in the world. Others, again, told them that they were officers ordered to take up some new command in the retreating army.

Beyond Königsberg, however, d'Arragon and Barlasch found themselves alone on their eastward route. Every man's face was set towards the west. This was not an army at all, but an endless procession of tramps. Without food or shelter, with no baggage but what they could carry on their backs, they journeyed as each of us must journey out of this world into that which lies beyond—alone, with no comrade to help them over the rough places or lift them when they fell. For there was only one man of all this rabble who rose to the height of self-sacrifice, and a persistent devotion to duty. And he was coming last of all.

Many had started off in couples—with a faithful friend—only to quarrel at last. For it is a peculiarity of the French that they can have only one friend at a time. Long ago—back beyond the Niemen—all friendships had been dissolved, and discipline had vanished before that. For when Discipline and a Republic are wedded we shall have the millennium. Liberty, they cry: meaning, I may do as I like. Equality: I am better than you. Fraternity: what is yours is mine, if I want it.

So they quarrelled over everything, and fought for a place round the fire that another had lighted. They burnt the houses in which they had passed a night, though they knew that thousands trudging behind them must die for lack of this poor shelter.

At the Bérésina they had fought on the bridge like wild animals, and those who had horses trod their comrades under foot,

or pushed them over the parapet. Twelve thousand perished on the banks or in the river, and sixteen thousand were left behind to the mercy of the Cossacks.

At Vilna the people were terrified at the sight of this inhuman rabble, which had commanded their admiration on the outward march. And the commander, with his staff, crept out of the city at night, abandoning sick, wounded, and fighting men.

At Kowno they crowded numbly across the bridge, fighting for precedence, when they might have walked at leisure across the ice. They were no longer men at all, but dumb and driven animals, who fell by the roadside and were stripped by their comrades before the warmth of life had left their limbs.

'Excuse me, comrade? I thought you were dead,' said one, on being remonstrated with by a dying man. And he went on his way reluctantly, for he knew that in a few minutes another would snatch the booty. But for the most part they were not so scrupulous.

At first d'Arragon, to whom these horrors were new, attempted to help such as appealed to him, but Barlasch laughed at him.

'Yes,' he said. 'Take the medallion, and promise to send it to his mother. Holy Heaven—they all have medallions, and they all have mothers. Every Frenchman remembers his mother—when it is too late. I will get a cart. By to-morrow we shall fill it with keepsakes. And here is another. He is hungry. So am I, comrade. I come from Moscow—bah!'

And so they fought their way through the stream. They could have journeyed by a quicker route—d'Arragon could have steered a course across the frozen plain as over a sea—but Charles must necessarily be in this stream. He might be by the wayside. Any one of these pitiable objects, half blind, frost-bitten, with one limb or another swinging useless, like a snapped branch, wrapped to the eyes in filthy furs—inhuman, horrible—any one of these might be Désirée's husband.

They never missed a chance of hearing news. Barlasch interrupted the last message of a dying man to inquire whether he had ever heard of Prince Eugene. It was startling to learn how little they knew. The majority of them were quite ignorant of French, and had scarcely heard the name of the commander of their division. Many spoke in a language which even Barlasch could not identify.

'His talk is like a coffee-mill,' he explained to d'Arragon, 'and

I do not know to what regiment he belonged. He asked me if I was Russki—I! Then he wanted to hold my hand. And he went to sleep. He will wake among the angels—that parishioner.'

Not only had no one heard of Charles Darragon, but few knew the name of the commander to whose staff he had been attached in Moscow. There was nothing for it but to go on towards Kowno, where it was understood temporary headquarters had been established.

Rapp himself had told d'Arragon that officers had been despatched to Kowno to form a base—a sort of rock in the midst of a torrent to divert the currents. There had then been a talk of Tilsit, and diverting the stream, or part of it towards Macdonald in the north. But d'Arragon knew that Macdonald was likely to be in no better plight than Murat; for it was an open secret in Dantzic that Yorck, with four-fifths of Macdonald's army, was about to abandon him.

The road to Kowno was not to be mistaken. On either side of it, like fallen landmarks, the dead lay huddled on the snow. Sometimes d'Arragon and Barlasch found the remains of a fire, where, amid the ashes, the chains and rings showed that a gun-carriage had been burnt. The trees were cut and scored where, as a forlorn hope, some poor imbecile had stripped the bark with the thought that it might burn. Nearly every fire had its grim guardian; for the wounds of the injured nearly always mortified when the flesh was melted by the warmth. Once or twice, with their ragged feet in the ashes, a whole company had never awakened from their sleep.

Barlasch pessimistically went the round of these bivouacs, but rarely found anything worth carrying away. If he recognised a veteran by the grizzled hair straggling out of the rags in which all faces were enveloped, or perceived some remnant of a Garde uniform, he searched more carefully.

'There may be salt,' he said. And sometimes he found a little. They had been on foot since Gumbinnen, because no horse would be allowed by starving men to live a day. They existed from day to day on what they found, which was, at the best, frozen horse. But Barlasch ate singularly little.

'One thinks of one's digestion,' he said vaguely, and persuaded d'Arragon to eat his portion because it would be a sin to throw it away. At length d'Arragon, who was quick enough in understanding rough men, said :

'No, I don't want any more. I will throw it away.'

And an hour later, while pretending to be asleep, he saw Barlasch get up and crawl cautiously into the trees where the unsavoury food had been thrown.

'Provided,' muttered Barlasch one day, 'that you keep your health. I am an old man. I could not do this alone.'

Which was true, for d'Arragon was carrying all the baggage now.

'We must both keep our health,' answered Louis. 'I have eaten worse things than horse.'

'I saw one yesterday,' said Barlasch, with a gesture of disgust; 'he had three stripes on his arm, too; he was crouching in a ditch eating something much worse than horse, *mon capitaine*. Bah! It made me sick. For three sous I would have put my heel on his face. And later on at the roadside I saw where he or another had played the butcher. But you saw none of these things, *mon capitaine*?'

'It was by that winding stream where a farm had been burnt,' said Louis.

Barlasch glanced at him sideways.

'If we should come to that, *mon capitaine* . . .'

'We won't.'

They trudged on in silence for some time. They were off the road now, and d'Arragon was steering by dead reckoning. Even amid the pine-woods, which seemed interminable, they frequently found remains of an encampment. As often as not they found the campers huddled over their last bivouac.

'But these,' said Barlasch, pointing to what looked like a few bundles of old clothes, continuing the conversation where he had left it after a long silence, as men learn to do who are together day and night in some hard enterprise, 'Even these have a woman dinning the ears of the good God for them, just as we have.'

For Barlasch's conception of a Deity could not get farther than the picture of a great Commander who in times of stress had no leisure to see that non-commissioned officers did their best for the rank and file. Indeed, the poor in all lands rather naturally conclude that God will think of carriage-people first.

They came within sight of Kowno one evening, after a tiring day over snow that glittered in a cloudless sun. Barlasch sat down wearily against a pine-tree, when they first caught sight of a distant church-tower. The country is much broken up into little valleys here, through which streams find their way to the

Niemen. Each river necessitated a rapid descent and an arduous climb over slippery snow.

'Voilà,' said Barlasch. 'That is Kowno. I am done. Go on, mon capitaine. I will lie here, and if I am not dead to-morrow morning I will join you.'

Louis looked at him with a slow smile.

'I am as tired as you,' he said. 'We will rest here until the moon rises.'

Already the bare larches threw shadows three times their own length on the snow. Near at hand it glittered like a carpet of diamonds, while the distance was of a pale blue, merging to grey on the horizon. A far-off belt of pines against a sky absolutely cloudless suggested infinite space—immeasurable distance. Nothing was sharp and clearly outlined, but hazy, silvery, as seen through a thin veil. The sea would seem to be our earthly picture of infinite space, but no sea speaks of distance so clearly as the plain of Lithuania—absolutely flat, quite lonely. The far-off belt of pines only leads the eye to a shadow beyond, which is another pine-wood; and the traveller walking all day towards it knows that when at length he gets there he will see just such another on the far horizon.

Louis sat down wearily beside Barlasch. As far as eye could see they were alone in this grim white world. They had nothing to say to each other. They sat and watched the sun go down with drawn eyes and a queer stolidity which comes to men in great cold, as if their souls were numb.

As the sun sank the shadows turned bluer, and all the snow gleamed like a lake. The silver tints slowly turned to gold; the greys grew darker. The distant lines of pines were almost black now, a silhouette against the golden sky. Near at hand the little inequalities in the snow loomed blue, like deeper pools in shallow water.

The sun sank very slowly, moving along the horizon almost parallel with it towards two bars of golden cloud awaiting it, the bars of the West forming a prison to this poor pale captive of the snows. The stems of a few silver birches near at hand were rosy now, and suddenly the snow took a similar tint. At the same moment a wave of cold seemed to sweep across the world.

The sun went down at length, leaving a brownish-red sky. This, too, faded to grey in a few minutes, and a steely cold gripped the world as in a vice.

Louis d'Arragon made a sudden effort and rose to his feet, beneath which the snow squeaked.

'Come,' he said. 'If we stay we shall fall asleep, and then——'

Barlasch roused himself and looked sleepily at his companion. He had a patch of blue on either cheek.

'Come!' shouted Louis, as if to a deaf man. 'Let us go on to Kowno and find out whether he is alive or dead.'

CHAPTER XX.

DÉSIRÉE'S CHOICE.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

RAPP found himself in a stronghold which was strong in theory only. For the frozen river formed the easiest possible approach, instead of an insuperable barrier to the enemy. He had an army which was a paper army only.

He had, according to official returns, thirty-five thousand men. In reality a bare eight thousand could be collected to show a face to the enemy. The rest were sick and wounded. There was no national spirit among these men; they hardly had a language in common. For they were men from Africa and Italy, from France, Germany, Poland, Spain, and Holland. The majority of them were recruits, raw and of poor physique. All were fugitives, flying before those dread Cossacks whose 'hurrah! hurrah!'—the Arabic 'kill! kill!'—haunted their fitful sleep at night. They came to Dantzic not to fight, but to lie down and rest. They were the last of the great army—the reinforcements dragged to the frontier which many of them had never crossed. For those who had been to Moscow were few and far between. The army of Moscow had perished at Malo-Jaroslavetz, at the Bérésina, in Smolensk and Vilna.

These fugitives had fled to Dantzic for safety; and Rapp in crossing the bridge had made a grimace, for he saw that there was no safety here.

The fortifications had been merely sketched out. The ditches

were full of snow, the rivers were frozen. All work was at a standstill. Dantzic lay at the mercy of the first-comer.

In twenty-four hours every available smith was at work, forging ice-axes and picks. Rapp was going to cut the frozen Vistula and set the river free. The Dantzigers laughed aloud.

'It will freeze again in a night,' they said. And it did. So Rapp set the ice-cutters to work again next day. He kept boats moving day and night in the water, which ran sluggish and thick, like porridge, heavy with the desire to freeze and be still.

He ordered the engineers to set to work on the abandoned fortifications. But the ground was hard like granite, and the picks sprang back in the worker's grip, jarring his bones and making not so much as a mark on the surface of the earth.

Again the Dantzigers laughed.

'It is frozen three feet down,' they said.

The thermometer marked between twenty and thirty degrees of frost every night now. And it was only December—only the beginning of the winter. The Russians were at the Niemen, daily coming nearer. Dantzic was full of sick and wounded. The available troops were worn out, frost-bitten, desperate. There were only a few doctors, who were without medical stores at all; no meat, no vegetables, no spirits, no forage.

No wonder the Dantzigers laughed. Rapp, who had to rely on Southerners to obey his orders—Italians, Africans, a few Frenchmen, men little used to cold and the hardships of a Northern winter—Rapp let them laugh. He was a medium-sized man, with a bullet-head and a round chubby face, a small nose, round eyes, and, if you please, side-whiskers.

Never for a moment did he admit that things looked black. He lit enormous bonfires, melted the frozen earth, and built the fortifications that had been planned.

'I took counsel,' he said, long afterwards, 'with two engineer officers whose devotion equalled their brilliancy—Colonel Riche-mont and General Campredon.'

And the educated English gentleman of to-day will tell you quite gravely that there are no soldiers in the world like English soldiers, and no general in the world like the latest pet general of English journalism. There is, as a matter of fact, no more ignorant gentleman in the world than the educated English gentleman; and he will confess quite grandly, without any abatement of his public school and university conceit, that he knows

nothing of Rapp and never heard of such persons as Colonel Richemont and General Campredon.

The days were very short now, and it was dark when the sappers—whose business it was to keep the ice moving in the river at that spot where the Government building-yard abuts on the river front to-day—were roused from their meditations by a shout on the farther bank.

They pushed their clumsy boat through the ice, and soon perceived against the snowy distance the outline of a man wrapped, swaddled, disguised in the heaped-up clothing so familiar to Eastern Europe at this time. The joke of seeing a grave artilleryman clad in a lady's ermine cloak had long since lost its savour for those who dwelt near the Moscow road.

'Ah! comrade,' said one of the boatmen, an Italian who spoke French and had learnt his seamanship on the Mediterranean, by whose waters he would never idle again. 'Ah! you are from Moscow?'

'And you, countryman?' replied the newcomer, with a non-committing readiness, as he stumbled over the gunwale.

'And you—an old man?' remarked the Italian, with the easy frankness of Piedmont.

By way of reply the new-comer held out one hand roughly swathed in cloth, and shook it from side to side slowly, taking exception to such personal matters on a short acquaintance.

'A week ago, when I quitted Dantzic on a mission to Kowno,' he said with a careless air, 'one could cross the Vistula anywhere. I have been walking on the bank for half a league looking for a way across. One would think there is a General in Dantzic now.'

'There is Rapp,' replied the Italian, poling his boat through the floating ice.

'He will be glad to see me.'

The Italian turned and looked over his shoulder. Then he gave a curt, derisive laugh.

'Barlasch—of the Old Guard!' explained the new-comer, with a careless air.

'Never heard of him.'

Barlasch pushed up the bandage which he still wore over his left eye, in order to get a better sight of this phenomenal ignoramus, but he made no comment.

On landing he nodded curtly, at which the boatman made a quick gesture and spat.

'You have not the price of a glass in your purse, perhaps,' he suggested.

Barlasch disappeared in the darkness without deigning a reply. Half an hour later he was on the steps of Sebastian's house in the Frauengasse. On his way through the streets a hundred evidences of energy had caught his attention, for many of the houses were barricaded, and palisades were built at the end of the streets running down towards the river. The town was busy, and everywhere soldiers passed to and fro. Like Samuel, Barlasch heard the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen in his ears.

The houses in the Frauengasse were barricaded like others—many of the lower windows were built up. The door of No. 36 was bolted, and through the shutters of the upper windows no glimmer of light penetrated to the outer darkness of the street. Barlasch knocked and waited. He thought he could hear surreptitious movements within the house. Again he knocked.

'Who is that?' asked Lisa just within, on the mat. She must have been there all the time.

'Barlasch,' he replied. And the bolts which he, in his knowledge of such matters, himself had oiled, were quickly drawn.

Inside he found Lisa and behind her Mathilde and Désirée.

'Where is the patron?' he asked, turning to bolt the door again.

'He is out, in the town,' answered Désirée, in a strained voice. 'Where are you from?'

'From Kowno.'

Barlasch looked from one face to the other. His own was burnt red, and the light of the lamp hanging over his head gleamed on the icicles suspended to his eyebrows and ragged whiskers. In the warmth of the house his frozen garments began to melt, and from his limbs the water dripped to the floor with a sound like rain. Then he caught sight of Désirée's face.

'He is alive, I tell you that,' he said abruptly. 'And well, so far as we know. It was at Kowno that we got news of him. I have a letter.'

He opened his cloak, which was stiff like cardboard and creaked when he bent the rough cloth. Under his cloak he wore a Russian peasant's sheepskin coat, and beneath that the remains of his uniform.

'A dog's country,' he muttered, as he breathed on his fingers. At last he found the letter and gave it to Désirée.

'You will have to make your choice,' he commented, with a grimace indicative of a serious situation, 'like any other woman. No doubt you will choose wrong.'

Désirée went up two steps in order to be nearer the lamp, and they all watched her as she opened the letter.

'Is it from Charles?' asked Mathilde, speaking for the first time.

'No,' answered Désirée, rather breathlessly.

Barlasch nudged Lisa, indicated his own mouth, and pushed her towards the kitchen. He nodded cunningly to Mathilde, as if to say that they were now free to discuss family affairs; and added, with a gesture towards his inner man,

'Since last night—nothing.'

In a few minutes Désirée, having read the letter twice, handed it to her sister. It was characteristically short.

'We have found a man here,' wrote Louis d'Arragon, 'who travelled as far as Vilna with Charles. There they parted. Charles, who was ordered to Warsaw on staff work, told his friend that you were in Dantzic and that, foreseeing a siege of the city, he had written to you to join him at Warsaw. This letter has doubtless been lost. I am following Charles to Warsaw, tracing him step by step, and if he has fallen ill by the way, as so many have done, shall certainly find him. Barlasch returns to bring you to Thorn, if you elect to join Charles. I will await you at Thorn, and if Charles has proceeded we will follow him to Warsaw.'

Barlasch, who had watched Désirée, now followed Mathilde's eyes as they passed to and fro over the closely written lines. As she neared the end, and her face, upon which deep shadows had been graven by sorrow and suspense, grew drawn and hopeless, he gave a curt laugh.

'There were two,' he said, 'travelling together—the Colonel de Casimir and the husband of—of la petite. They had facilities—name of God!—two carriages and an escort. In the carriages they had some of the Emperor's playthings—holy pictures, the imperial loot—I know not what. Besides that, they had some of their own—not furs and candlesticks such as we others carried on our backs, but gold and jewellery enough to make a man rich all his life.'

'How do you know that?' asked Mathilde; a dull light in her eyes.

'I—I know where it came from,' replied Barlasch, with an odd

smile. 'Allez! you may take it from me.' And he muttered to himself in the patois of the Côtes du Nord.

'And they were safe and well at Vilna?' asked Mathilde.

'Yes—and they had their treasure. They had good fortune, or else they were more clever than other men; for they had the Imperial treasure to escort, and could take any man's horse for the carriages in which also they had placed their own treasure. It was Captain Darragon who held the appointment, and the other—the Colonel—had attached himself to him as volunteer. For it was at Vilna that the last thread of discipline was broken, and every man did as he wished.'

'They did not come to Kowno?' asked Mathilde, who had a clear mind, and that grasp of a situation which more often falls to the lot of the duller sex.

'They did not come to Kowno. They would turn south at Vilna. It was as well. At Kowno the soldiers had broken into the magazines—the brandy was poured out in the streets. The men were lying there, the drunken and the dead all confused together on the snow. But there would be no confusion the next morning; for all would be dead.'

'Was it at Kowno that you left Monsieur d'Arragon?' asked Désirée, in a sharp voice.

'No—no. We quitted Kowno together and parted on the heights above the town. He would not trust me—monsieur le marquis—he was afraid that I should get at the brandy. And he was right. I only wanted the opportunity. He is a strong one—that!' And Barlasch held up a warning hand, as if to make known to all and sundry that it would be inadvisable to trifle with Louis d'Arragon.

He drew the icicles one by one from his whiskers with a wry face indicative of great agony, and threw them down on the mat.

'Well,' he said, after a pause, to Désirée, 'Have you made your choice?'

Désirée was reading the letter again, and before she could answer, a quick knock on the front door startled them all. Barlasch's face broke into that broad smile which was only called forth by the presence of danger.

'Is it the patron?' he asked in a whisper, with his hand on the heavy bolts affixed by that pious Hanseatic merchant who held that if God be in the house there is no need of watchmen.

'Yes,' answered Mathilde. 'Open quickly.'

Sebastian came in with a light step. He was like a man long saddled with a burden of which he had at length been relieved.

'Ah! What news?' he asked, when he recognised Barlasch.

'Nothing that you do not know already, monsieur,' replied Barlasch, 'except that the husband of Mademoiselle is well and on the road to Warsaw. Here—read that.'

And he took the letter from Désirée's hand.

'I knew he would come back safely,' said Désirée; and that was all.

Sebastian read the letter in one quick glance—and then fell to thinking.

'It is time to quit Dantzig,' said Barlasch quietly, as if he had divined the old man's thoughts. 'I know Rapp. There will be trouble—here, on the Vistula.'

But Sebastian dismissed the suggestion with a curt shake of the head.

Barlasch's attention had been somewhat withdrawn by a smell of cooking meat, to which he opened his nostrils frankly and noisily after the manner of a dog.

'Then it remains,' he said, looking towards the kitchen, 'for Mademoiselle to make her choice.'

'There is no choice,' replied Désirée, 'I shall be ready to go with you—when you have eaten.'

'Good,' said Barlasch, and the word applied as well to Lisa, who was beckoning to him.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE WARSAW ROAD.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where it most promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.

LOVE, it is said, is blind. But hatred is as bad. In Antoine Sebastian hatred of Napoleon had not only blinded eyes far-seeing enough in earlier days, but it had killed many natural affections. Love, too, may easily die—from a surfeit or a famine. Hatred never dies; it only sleeps.

Sebastian's hatred was all awake now. It was aroused by the disasters that had befallen Napoleon; of which disasters the

Russian campaign was only one small part. For he who stands above all his compeers must expect them to fall upon him should he stumble. Napoleon had fallen, and a hundred foes who had hitherto nursed their hatred in a hopeless silence were alert to strike a blow should he descend within their reach.

When whole empires had striven in vain to strike, how could a mere association of obscure men hope to record its blow? The Tugendbund had begun humbly enough; and Napoleon, with that unerring foresight which raised him above all other men, had struck at its base. For an association in which kings and cobblers stand side by side on an equal footing must necessarily be dangerous to its foes.

Sebastian was not carried off his feet by the great events of the last six months. They only rendered him steadier. For he had waited a lifetime. It is only a sudden success that dazzles. Long waiting nearly always ensures a wise possession.

Sebastian, like all men absorbed in a great thought, was neglectful of his social and domestic obligations. Has it not been shown that he allowed Mathilde and Désirée to support him by giving dancing lessons? But he was not the ordinary domestic tyrant who is familiar to us all—the dignified father of a family who must have the best of everything, whose teaching to his offspring takes the form of an unconscious and solemn warning. He did not ask the best; he hardly noticed what was offered to him; and it was not owing to his demand, but to that feminine spirit of self-sacrifice which has ruined so many men, that he fared better than his daughters.

If he thought about it at all he probably concluded that Mathilde and Désirée were quite content to give their time and thought to the support of himself—not as their father, but as the motive power of the Tugendbund in Prussia. Many greater men have made the same mistake, and quite small men with a great name make it every day, thinking complacently that it is a privilege to some woman to minister to their wants while they produce their immortal pictures or deathless books; whereas, the woman would tend him as carefully were he a crossing-sweeper, and is only following the dictates of an instinct which is loftier than his highest thought and more admirable than his most astounding work of art.

Barlasch had not lived so long in the Frauengasse without learning the domestic economy of Sebastian's household. He

knew that Désirée, like many persons with kind blue eyes, shaped her own course through life and abided by the result with a steadfastness not usually attributed to the light-hearted. He concluded that he must make ready to take the road again before midnight. He therefore gave a careful and businesslike attention to the simple meal set before him by Lisa; and, looking up over his plate, he saw for the second time in his life Sebastian hurrying into his own kitchen.

Barlasch half rose, and then, in obedience to a gesture from Sebastian, or remembering perhaps the sturdy Republicanism which he had not learnt until middle-age, he sat down again, fork in hand.

'You are prepared to accompany Madame Darragon to Thorn?' inquired Sebastian, inviting his guest by a gesture to make himself at home—scarcely a necessary thought in the present instance.

'Yes.'

'And how do you propose to make the journey?'

This was so unlike Sebastian's usual method, so far from his lax comprehension of a father's duty, that Barlasch paused and looked at him with suspicion. With the back of his hand he pushed up the unkempt hair which obscured his eyes. This unusual display of parental anxiety required looking into.

'From what I could see in the streets,' he answered, 'the General will not stand in the way of women and useless mouths who wish to quit Dantzig.'

'That is possible; but he will not go so far as to provide horses.'

Barlasch gave his companion a quick glance, and returned to his supper, eating with an exaggerated nonchalance, as if he were alone.

'Will you provide them?' he asked abruptly, at length, without looking up.

'I can get them for you, and can ensure you relays by the way.'

Barlasch cut a piece of meat very carefully, and opening his mouth wide looked at Sebastian over the orifice.

'On one condition,' pursued Sebastian quietly; 'that you deliver a letter for me in Thorn. I make no pretence; if it is found on you, you will be shot.'

Barlasch smiled pleasantly.

'The risks are very great,' said Sebastian, tapping his snuff-box reflectively.

'I am not an officer to talk of my honour,' answered Barlasch with a laugh. 'And as for risk'—he paused and put half a potato into his mouth—'it is Mademoiselle I serve,' concluded this uncouth knight with a curt simplicity.

So they set out at ten o'clock that night in a light sleigh on high runners, such as may be seen on any winter day in Poland down to the present time. The horses were as good as any in Dantzic at this date, when a horse was more costly than his master. The moon, sailing high overhead through fleecy clouds, found it no hard task to light a world all snow and ice. The streets of Dantzic were astir with life and the rumble of waggons. At first there were difficulties, and Barlasch explained airily that he was not so accomplished a whip in the streets as in the open country.

'But never fear,' he added. 'We shall get there, soon enough.'

At the city gates there was, as Barlasch had predicted, no objection made to the departure of a young girl and an old man. Others were quitting Dantzic by the same gate, on foot, in sleighs and carts; but all turned westward at the cross-roads and joined the stream of refugees hurrying forward to Germany. Barlasch and Désirée were alone on the wide road that runs southward across the plain towards Dirschau. The air was very cold and still. On the snow, hard and dry like white dust, the runners of the sleigh sang a song on one note, only varied from time to time by a drop of several octaves as they passed over a culvert or some hollow in the road, after which the high note, like the sound of escaping steam, again held sway. The horses fell into a long steady trot, their feet beating the ground with a regular, sleep-inducing thud. They were harnessed well forward to a very long pole, and covered the ground with free strides, unhampered by any thought of their heels. The snow pattered against the cloth stretched like a wind-sail from their flanks to the rising front of the sleigh.

Barlasch sat upright, a thick motionless figure, four-square, to the cutting wind. He drove with one hand at a time, sitting on the other to restore circulation between whiles. It was impossible to distinguish the form of his garments, for he was wrapped round in a woollen shawl like a mummy, showing only

his eyes beneath the ragged fur of a sheepskin cap upon which the rime caused by the warmth of the horses and his own breath had frozen like a coating of frosted silver.

Désirée was huddled down beside him, with her head bent forward so as to protect her face from the wind, which seared like a hot iron. She wore a hood of white fur lined with a darker fur, and when she lifted her face only her eyes, bright and wakeful, were visible.

'If you are warm you may go to sleep,' said Barlasch in a mumbling voice, for his face was drawn tight and his lips stiffened by the cold. 'But if you shiver, you must stay awake.'

But Désirée seemed to have no wish for sleep. Whenever Barlasch leant forward to peer beneath her hood she looked round at him with wakeful eyes. Whenever, to see if she were still awake, he gave her an unceremonious nudge, she nudged back again instantly. As the night wore on she grew more wakeful. When they halted at a wayside inn, which must have been minutely described to Barlasch by Sebastian, and Désirée accepted the innkeeper's offer of a cup of coffee by the fire while fresh horses were being put into harness, she was wide awake and looked at Barlasch with a reckless laugh as he shook the rime from his eyebrows. In response he frowningly scrutinised as much of her face as he could see, and shook his head disapprovingly.

'You laugh when there is nothing to laugh at,' he said grimly. 'Foolish. It makes people wonder what is in your mind.'

'There is nothing in my mind,' she answered gaily.

'Then there is something in your heart, and that is worse!' said Barlasch, which made Désirée look at him doubtfully.

They had done forty miles with the same horses and were nearly half way. For some hours the road had followed the course of the Vistula on the high tableland above the river, and would so continue until they reached Thorn.

'You must sleep,' said Barlasch curtly, when they were once more on the road. She sat silent beside him for an hour. The horses were fresh and covered the ground at a great pace. Barlasch was no driver, but he was skilful with the horses and husbanded their strength at every hill.

'If we go on like this when shall we arrive?' asked Désirée suddenly.

'By eight o'clock, if all goes well.'

'And we shall find Monsieur Louis d'Arragon awaiting us at Thorn?'

Barlasch shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

'He said he would be there,' he muttered, and turning in his seat he looked down at her with some contempt.

'That is like a woman,' he said. 'They think all men are fools except one, and that one is only to be compared with the bon Dieu.'

Désirée could not have heard the remark, for she made no answer and sat silent, leaning more and more heavily against her companion. He changed the reins to his other hand and drove with it for an hour after all feeling had left it. Désirée was asleep. She was still sleeping when, in the dim light of a late dawn, Barlasch saw the distant tower of Thorn Cathedral.

They were no longer alone on the road now, but passed a number of heavy market-sleighs bringing produce and wood to the town. Barlasch had been in Thorn before. Désirée was still sleeping when he turned the horses into the crowded yard of the 'Drei Kronen.' The sleighs and carriages were packed side by side as in a warehouse, but the stables were empty. No eager host came out to meet the travellers. The innkeepers of Thorn had long ceased to give themselves that trouble. For the city was on the direct route of the retreat, and few who got so far had any money left.

Slowly and painfully Barlasch unwound himself and disentangled his legs. He tried first one and then the other, as if uncertain whether he could walk. Then he staggered numbly across the yard to the door of the inn.

A few minutes later Désirée woke up. She was in a room warmed by a great white stove and dimly lighted by candles. Someone was pulling off her gloves and feeling her hands to make sure that they were not frost-bitten. She looked sleepily at a white coffee-pot standing on the table near the candles; then her eyes, still uncomprehending, rested on the face of the man who was loosening her hood, which was hard with rime and ice. He had his back to the candles, and was half-hidden by the collar of his fur coat, which met the cap pressed down over his ears.

He turned towards the table to lay aside her gloves and the light fell on his face. Désirée was wide awake in an instant, and Louis d'Arragon, hearing her move, turned anxiously to look at

her again. Neither spoke for a minute. Barlasch was holding his numbed hand against the stove, and was grinding his teeth and muttering at the pain of the restored circulation.

Désirée shook the icicles from her hood and they rattled like hail on the bare floor. Her hair, all tumbled round her face, caught the light of the candles. Her eyes were bright and the colour was in her cheeks. D'Arragon glanced at her with a sudden look of relief and then turned to Barlasch. He took the numbed hand and felt it; then he held a candle close to it. Two of the fingers were quite white, and Barlasch made a grimace when he saw them. D'Arragon began rubbing at once, taking no notice of his companion's moans and complaints.

Without desisting he looked over his shoulder towards Désirée, but not actually at her face.

'I heard last night,' he said, 'that the two carriages are standing in an inn-yard three leagues beyond this on the Warsaw road. I have traced them step by step from Kowno. My informant tells me that the escort has deserted and that the officer in charge, Colonel Darragon, was going on alone with the two drivers when he was taken ill. He is nearly well again, and hopes to continue his journey to-morrow or the next day.'

Désirée nodded her head to signify that she had heard and understood. Barlasch gave a cry of pain and withdrew his hand with a jerk.

'Enough, enough!' he said. 'You hurt me. The life is returning now; a drop of brandy perhaps——'

'There is no brandy in Thorn,' said D'Arragon, turning towards the table. 'There is only coffee.'

He busied himself with the cups and did not look at Désirée when he spoke again.

'I have secured two horses,' he said, 'to enable you to proceed at once if you are able to. But if you would rather rest here to-day——'

'Let us go on at once,' interrupted Désirée hastily.

Barlasch, crouching against the stove, glanced from one to the other beneath his heavy brows, wondering, perhaps, why they avoided looking at each other.

'You will wait here,' said D'Arragon, turning towards him, 'until——until I return.'

'Yes,' was the answer. 'I will lie on the floor here and sleep. I have had enough. I——'

Louis left the room to give the necessary orders. When he returned in a few minutes Barlasch was asleep on the floor and Désirée had tied on her hood again, which concealed her face. He drank a cup of coffee and ate some dry bread absent-mindedly, in silence.

The sound of bells, feebly heard through the double windows, told them that the horses were being harnessed.

'Are you ready?' asked D'Arragon, who had not sat down; and in response Désirée, standing near the stove, went towards the door, which he held open for her to pass out. As she passed him she glanced at his face, and winced.

In the sleigh she looked up at him as if expecting him to speak. He was looking straight in front of him. There was, after all, nothing to be said. She could see his steady eyes between his high collar and the fur cap. They were hard and unflinching. The road was level now and the snow beaten to a gleaming track like ice. D'Arragon put the horses to a gallop at the town gate and kept them at it.

In half an hour he turned towards her and pointed with his whip to a roof half hidden by some thin pines.

'That is the inn,' he said.

In the inn yard he indicated with his whip two travelling-carriages standing side by side.

'Colonel Darragon is here?' he said to the cringing Jew who came to meet them; and the innkeeper led the way upstairs. The house was a miserable one, evil-smelling, sordid. The Jew pointed to a door and, cringing again, left them.

Désirée made a gesture telling Louis to go in first, which he did at once. The room was littered with trunks and cases. All the treasure had been brought into the sick man's chamber for greater safety.

On a narrow bed near the window a man lay huddled on his side. He turned and looked over his shoulder, showing a haggard face with a ten-days' beard on it. He looked from one to the other in silence.

It was Colonel de Casimir.

(To be continued.)

THE TUTOR'S EXPEDIENT.

'COME in!' said the Senior Tutor of St. Boniface: and two scholars came in. (He knew they were scholars, because this was his hour for seeing scholars.) One was a heavy-looking young man in a frock coat and tall hat. The other was a spruce youth, who looked as if Nature had intended him for an attorney's clerk; as, indeed, Nature had.

'Scholars, I presume, gentlemen?' inquired the Tutor. The young men bowed. 'In what subjects, may I ask? You, sir' (turning to the spruce youth), 'Mr. —I forget your name—eh? O, thanks—is it Classics? History? Natural Science, perhaps?'

'Oh no, sir; I hold a "Daily Thunderer" Scholarship.'

'Exactly: I remember now. You read all through "Tit Bits" for a whole year, and the "D. T." pays you—1,200*l.*, isn't it? The task is a little dear at the price, it always seemed to me: but still, "Tit Bits" —'

'It isn't quite that, sir,' put in the youth; 'it was for the "Encyclop—"'

('I *knew* it was dear at the price,' the Tutor murmured.)

"—ædia Pananglica," continued the scholar. 'My Scholarship is for reading that. I have it outside, in three packing-cases.'

'The Scholarship?' asked the Tutor, weakly.

'No,' said the scholar; 'the "Encyclopædia Pananglica."'

'Well,' the academic dignitary resumed, 'and what have you read? To prepare yourself for a university career, I mean.'

'The "Encyc—"'

'Of course, of course; but anything else? I wish to know, so as to advise you with respect to the direction of your studies. Have you, for instance, read any Homer?'

'Homer!' the youth replied—'Oh yes, I know about Homer. There is a picture of Homer, drawn from life, and very well reproduced, among the illustrations of the article "Education." There is one there of Comenius, too. Homer and Comenius——'

'Were both educationists, I know,' said the Tutor: 'but not, properly speaking, in the same way. However—you have not studied the father of poetry in the original, it would appear. Any Xenophon, perhaps? or Cæsar?'

'I don't think I know much about Xenophon,' replied the young man, 'but I have a friend who failed in Cæsar for the Cambridge Locals, and he said it was pretty easy.'

'Do you know *any* Greek or Latin at all?'

'Well, as I came along I bought a Delectus: I was told it might be helpful for attaining the highest honours.'

'Exactly. You thought it might be helpful—of course, of course. You were quite right—perfectly, perfectly correct,' the Tutor murmured, with a far-away look in his eyes. Then he collected himself, and turned to the other aspirant. 'And you, sir—pardon me, I didn't quite catch—eh? Oh, thanks!—what, may I ask, are the conditions on which you hold *your* Scholarship?'

'My education,' replied the heavy young man, 'was completed at the Jabez H. Brown University of Thessalonica, Maine, U.S.A. I am a recipient of a Scholarship under the provisions of the will of the Right Honourable Cecil J. Rhodes, the eminent philanthropist. No doubt, Professor, you will have heard of him.'

'Ah! a Rhodes Scholar,' said the Tutor. 'That is better—much better. You will, no doubt, study the Classics. There are those (I am well aware) who are disposed to object to modern American scholarship an excessive attention to minutiae: but personally, I confess, I am no enemy even to a meticulous exactness, which alone can save us from an incurious and slipshod rhetoric! . . . And what, then, are the points of scholarship which it has been your endeavour to elucidate? Have you followed in the steps of the lamented Professor Drybones of Chicago, who died before he could prove, by a complete enumeration of all the instances in Greek literature, that *γάρ* is never the first word of a sentence? Have you'—

'Pardon me, Professor,' put in the Rhodes Scholar. 'That ain't my platform at all. I may say, I don't take any stock in literatoor.'

'Am I then to understand,' the Tutor asked, 'that you are *not* acquainted with the Greek and Latin Classics?'

'Not considerable,' replied the American. 'In fact, not any.'

'And to what, then, have your studies been directed?'

'Not to books, Professor. No, nor yet laboratories and such. I was elected Scholar by the unanimous suffrage of my class

in Thessalonica, Maine, for Moral Character. When it comes to Moral Character, you look at me. That is just where I am on top every time.'

'Moral Character!' exclaimed the Tutor, aghast. 'O dear me! I am afraid that won't do at all—here. Moral Character! well—I hardly know how to put it—but the fact is that if *that* is all that you have to rely upon, you would be sent down within a year infallibly—Oh, infallibly, I assure you! . . . But,' he continued, 'we must try to think of something for both of you gentlemen. Could I not give you both a letter of recommendation to my friend the Master of St. Cuthbert's? *There*, I know, they value very highly both morality and the "Encyclopædia Pananglica." I am sure it would be just the place for you both. Do let me write!'

'As the Master of Alfred's sent Cecil Rhodes on to Auriol?' suggested the spruce young man innocently.

'As the Master of — why, no,' said the Tutor, 'I think that won't do, after all. Really, I believe, we must try to keep you at Boniface.' Boniface had suffered severely from agricultural depression. 'Well, gentlemen—come to me again two hours hence, and we will try to think of something for you. Good morning!'

The Tutor was in a sad quandary. Paid as he was by results fees, he could not afford to receive pupils who would disgrace him in the Schools. Yet it had always been his creed that a College must adapt itself to existing circumstances, and be instinct with the Zeit Geist.

For a long time he remained wrapt in meditation.

Two hours elapsed, and the Tutor was again confronted with the twin aspirants to academic honours. He regarded them with the mien of one visibly relieved from a load of care. 'These papers, gentlemen,' he said, pointing to certain documents which lay upon the tutorial table, 'relate to a project of which you have doubtless heard—I refer to the extension of our Public Schools into the remoter regions of the British Empire. They are reprinted from Mr. Sargant's admirable letter to the "Times," and the leading article on the subject. You are acquainted with them—No? Then pray take the papers: you will find them most instructive and agreeable reading during the voyage.'

'The—the voyage?' exclaimed the Rhodes Scholar.

'Certainly,' said the Tutor, 'during the voyage. During the long afternoons when you are steaming over the oily calm of the Bay of Biscay, or being propelled (by friendly natives) down the rushing waters of the—ah—Congo. What I am proposing is that you two gentlemen should become members of our Branch Establishment in Timbuctoo. You *must* have heard of it! When schemes so beneficial to the Empire are mooted, was it likely that the Colleges of our great Imperial Universities would not take the lead in the van of progress? And when Eton, Harrow, and Giggleswick have founded institutions, similar to themselves in every respect except that of mere locality, in Asia, Africa, and Australasia, was the College of St. Boniface to be a laggard? Assuredly not. Gentlemen, I commend you to our Alma Mater beyond the seas.'

'But, Professor,' the Rhodes Scholar objected, 'I was sent here across the salt water dish to join the College of St. Boniface. They were kind of sot upon that in Thessalonica. I guess they will be disappointed, some, if I ain't made a professing member of St. Boniface.'

'But you will be, my dear sir—you will be!' cried the Tutor, with vehemence. 'A member of St. Boniface-in-Timbuctoo: Sancti Bonifacii Collegii 'apud Timbuctooenses alumnus: it is precisely the same thing. You have doubtless read, in the course of your historical investigations, how Eton is really an offshoot of Winchester: is Eton not a public school? Of course it is. Similarly, in the Middle Ages a portion of the University broke off and migrated to Stamford. Was it Oxford any the less because it happened to be at Stamford? Not the least. The two institutions—St. Boniface in Oxford and St. Boniface in Timbuctoo—are precisely identical. When you gentlemen in future years are competing for—and I trust, I am sure, obtaining—positions of distinction and emolument in the great world, you will be entitled to describe yourselves as Boniface Men. You can drop the 'Apud Timbuctooenses' if you like: the omission will not be considered fraudulent. But I see no reason why you *should* drop it. Personally, I should glory in it. Had I won a scholarship for Moral Character, I would go to Timbuctoo to-morrow! There, it seems to me, is your special sphere. In Oxford, Moral Character is so frequent as to be a drug—a positive drug: but in Timbuctoo the possession is precious in proportion to its rarity.'

'But have they got the Tone and the Tradition there, sir? asked the holder of a 'Daily Thunderer' Scholarship. 'That would be, for me, very important. My family were especially anxious——'

'Assuredly they have got the Tone and the Tradition. *Cælum non animum mutant*—you have met with that, probably, in the "Encyclopædia Pananglica." Absolutely unimpaired, I assure you. We take great pains about that. Just an instance—the Visitor is the Bishop of Barchester, just as here with us: the local King wanted to be Visitor, but of course we couldn't allow that. Imagine—a Visitor with fifty-three wives, not to mention ——! It wouldn't have done at all: the Tone *must* have suffered. We are in constant communication (wireless, of course) with the Timbuctoo branch: we are always being consulted: only this morning we had to deal rather severely with an undergraduate member of the College—aboriginal, as many of them are—who insisted on playing the tom-tom in prohibited hours. Of course, we must back up the Dean: and in case of—emergency, we replace him and compensate his relations.'

'You speak, sir,' said the student of the Encyclopædia, 'of a local King: I understood that the College was on British territory.'

'The British Empire,' replied the Tutor, 'includes Hinterlands. This is a Hinterland. It is consequently from time to time the duty of the local college authorities to assist the British Resident at the Court of Timbuctoo in pulling down the French, German, Italian, Russian, and Portuguese flags, all of which have been occasionally erected. But the country is practically annexed. We are—ah—suzerains.'

'I understand, Professor, from your observation relative to the tom-tom,' put in the American scholar, 'that the students of your College are subjected to the regular British discipline? That would be kind of essential for me. Cecil J. Rhodes, the eminent philanthropist, was particularly anxious that I should have the full advantages of your fine old high-toned mediæval College rules. You have regulations, I presume?'

'The regulations,' replied the Don, 'are framed (as exactly as possible under the circumstances) on the lines with which we are familiar in Oxford. It has not been advisable, so far, to establish the Proctorial system in its entirety throughout the capital of Timbuctoo: but within the walls of St. Boniface (or perhaps in

strict truth I should say within the Zariba) the strictest discipline prevails. Clothing is essential—if not worn, at least carried in the hand—for attendance in Hall and at lectures. Morning chapel is obligatory: conscientious objectors, if aborigines, may keep a private fetish in their rooms. Cannibalism is only permitted if directly authorised by the Dean, after a personal interview.'

This appeared to satisfy the Rhodes Scholar: his companion wished further to know whether residence in a Colonial College could be regarded as a step on the Educational Ladder. His friends, he said, had impressed upon him that his function in life was to climb the Educational Ladder.

'The ladder to which you refer,' explained the Tutor, 'can be scaled as well in Africa as in England. In fact, better: there are distinctly greater facilities. In view of the regrettable inadequacy (at present) of any organised system of Primary Education in Timbuctoo, Secondary Education has been obliged to modify some of its standards. The University of Oxford, never backward in the march of progress, is prepared to make the requisite concessions: and, as a result, you will find that the highest honours are attainable without any acquaintance with the ordinary subjects of our curriculum. It is, I should say, the very place for you. Remember, too, that the very largest latitude is allowed—nay, encouraged—in the choice of special subjects qualifying for the M.A. Degree: and what a field you will find! The habits of residents—indeed, of some among your own fellow students—are most interesting to the student of anthropology! while investigations among the flora and fauna of this country must be fraught with the most delightful potentialities. I confess, I envy you. I do not think I am saying too much if I assure you that this University will be ready and willing to confer upon you, not only the ordinary M.A. degree, but a Doctorate of Science or Letters!'

'Then,' continued the Tutor, 'as to recreations: *neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*—I beg your pardon, I mean to say that you cannot always be studying the domestic habits of the hippopotamus under a microscope. Sports and games you will find plentiful and interesting. There is head-hunting, for instance'—

'Hunting the Head of the College, do you mean, Professor?' asked the American.

'Certainly not,' replied the Don, with dignity. 'That would not, under any circumstances, be permitted. If it were the Dean,

now—but, oh no, certainly not the Head. What I refer to is the pursuit and collection of decapitated human heads, belonging generally to personal enemies of the collector: it is a sport common in Borneo, and among other interesting, if primitive, nationalities. This pastime is, I understand, a favourite one with some students of the college. It is practised, I need hardly say, under the very strictest supervision: there must be a certificate signed by the British Resident, and a special written recommendation from the Director of the Craniological Department of the Museum. Under such restriction abuse is of course impossible. Then again there is golf: and it is hardly necessary to remind you that the Sahara provides perhaps the finest natural golf links in the world.'

'Well, Professor,' said the American, 'I guess I will start. But how are we going to get right there, now? On the cars?'

'By the Cape to Cairo railway, when it is open,' the Tutor answered. 'There will be a branch line. At present, the main line is, as you are aware, incomplete, and the branch is—well, in course of construction. Passengers are conveyed by motor. Or, if not by motor, by ox-waggon: trekking by the latter method is, I believe, the safer way: both however are, I understand, most commodious. I may explain to you that the present is a particularly auspicious occasion for your journey: you will travel in the company of the new Junior Dean, whose society I am sure you will find delightful. His predecessor, a personal friend of my own, succumbed, I grieve to say, a few months ago—owing to the alleged inadequate supply of beef-steaks at a "Torpid" breakfast. . . . Painful, but apparently inevitable. . . . I need hardly say, the perpetrators of this insult have been rusticated for a whole term.'

'Is the Junior Dean a coloured person—a nigger?' asked the Rhodes Scholar.

'All the College officials,' explained the Don, 'are, in the highest and best sense of the word, white men. Some of the Ordinary Fellows, it is true—Mr. Sargant's scheme contemplated, you see, the election to Fellowships of persons of local distinction. But our officials are, without exception, Oxford men. It would be impossible, otherwise, to preserve the Tone and the Tradition.'

'And now, gentlemen,' he continued, 'I must not keep you too long. Procrastination is the thief of time, eh? and besides, your boat leaves Southampton to-morrow. All expenses on the

journey refunded by the Timbuctoo Bursar, on application. Are your boxes unpacked? No? Then all you have to do is to alter the labels.'

'About the "Encyclopædia,"' said the spruce youth. 'It is in three packing cases—a bit 'eavy. Will carriage be paid?'

'Oh certainly, certainly,' replied the Tutor. 'Of course I *might* relax our regulation about bonfires in the quadrangle—but no, no, I am sure you will find it most useful, even up-to-date—in Timbuctoo. *Good morning!*'

.

The Tutor, with a sigh of relief, renewed his perusal of the 'Itinerarium' of Nemesianus. Nemesianus, honest man! did not know where Timbuctoo was. Nor, for the matter of that, did the Tutor.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE ANNALS OF OUR ARMY.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

'An empire had been won : there remained the task of providing for its administration and defence.' This sentence, standing in the front of the third volume of Mr. Fortescue's *History of the British Army*, indicates the increasing complexity of the narrative which, with equal lucidity and vigour, he has carried through the preceding volumes to the close of the Seven Years' War. Hitherto it has been possible to focus attention upon two or three fields of operation, sometimes consecutive, at others simultaneous ; but henceforth the sphere of action is bounded only by the Northern Hemisphere. The reader may be inclined to murmur at being recalled by the thunder of Gibraltar's guns from the very crisis of British dominion in the West Indies, or at the thread of events in North America being suddenly dropped in order to take up that of John Company's affairs in Bengal ; but Mr. Fortescue's theme is the Army, whereof the fortune is so closely dovetailed with the world-wide policy of Ministers, that to follow any single campaign to its issue without keeping in view the simultaneous strain from other and remote quarters would be to present a misleading view. This rapid scene-shifting is essential to right understanding of the subject ; it is open to anybody to re-arrange the order of his reading by means of the excellent table of contents at the beginning of the volume. He can study the American chapters consecutively, then pass on to the West Indian, the East Indian, and wind up with the Mediterranean, and so possibly obtain a clearer knowledge of the strategy and tactics in the separate campaigns ; but he will be likely to miss the impression he is intended to receive—that of the desperate hazards run, not always without disaster, by the attempt to maintain dominion over widely detached territories with grossly inadequate land forces.

It is easy to imagine what this history might have become in the hands of a 'popular' writer. Nothing would be simpler than to pass lightly over the unreadiness for war to which, in

each successive interval of peace, it has been the chronic policy of British Cabinets to reduce our armaments in the face of warnings from military authorities—a policy, indeed, which has never averted the necessity for sudden calls for a fully equipped and disciplined force, but which once, at least—upon the revolt of the American colonies—brought about disaster on a national scale. Nothing is more fascinating than to blink all that kind of thing, and to dwell instead upon the display of courage and devotion that takes place whenever a British army takes the field. There is plenty of literature of that kind, neither unhealthy nor unprofitable. It serves to maintain a praiseworthy ideal of soldierly conduct; but—it is not history. Mr. Fortescue has addressed himself to a different sort of task: his critical faculty is alert, his historical insight penetrating, and his industry unflagging. No source so recondite, no record so difficult of access, as to deter him from making them yield their evidence. Yet his narrative has no odour of the oil. The details are often vivid, but are not suffered to clog the main action; and references, that snare of the conscientious historian, are not allowed to overwhelm the text.

The period embraced in this volume, from 1763 to 1793, is that upon which the British military student dwells with most disquiet. The close of the Seven Years' War had brought about the inevitable reaction from war expenditure. To cut down establishments, regardless of the needs of an extended Empire, was the impatient aim both of Ministers and people. Expeditions that could not be avoided were starved for want of recruits; indeed, the falling off in recruiting amounted to a national danger. It arose partly from Ireland, that splendid nursery of fighting men, being legally a closed field, owing to the Acts prohibiting the enlistment of Roman Catholics; partly from the Highlanders swarming oversea to the American and Canadian colonies; partly from dread of the ferocious military code of punishment which during the American war earned for our men the taunting title of 'Bloody-backs.' Add to all this the system of exorbitant 'stoppages,' whereby the miserable pay of the private soldier was reduced to a point which rendered him, to quote the Adjutant-General's words in 1790, 'unable even to satisfy the common calls of hunger,' and the marvel remains that there was hardihood enough in any young fellows to take the King's shilling. In effect, whenever an expedition had to be despatched or reinforced,

the trap had to be baited with a bounty varying from three to fifteen guineas a head.

Even when once enlisted, men could not be kept in a Service which in time of peace did not give them the means of bare subsistence. They deserted in shoals. In 1784 General Luttrell reported that the annual average of desertion from the infantry stationed in Ireland amounted to 1,200 men—one sixth of the entire establishment. Serious as this was at home, it sometimes brought the very Empire into jeopardy abroad. If it was bad that the pay of the troops should be so niggardly, it became disgraceful when it was not punctual. In 1760, when Colonel Calliaud was holding Shah Alum at bay near Patna, the pay of his whole force—European, Sepoy, and Native Irregulars—fell four months in arrear. Consequently both Sepoys and Natives deserted in numbers to the invader, with whom, even if they could not be sure of cash payment, they would be released from the prohibition to indemnify themselves by loot.

Turn to the other end of the scale of rank, and the grand reason for this cynical neglect of the necessities of our soldiers becomes obvious. It will amaze most readers to be reminded that from 1784 to 1793 *there was no Commander-in-Chief*. The whole control of the Army was centred in the Secretary for War and the Colonies, who, we may easily believe, was far more occupied with details of patronage and promotion of political friends than with interior economy and discipline. It was the fashion for officers on full-pay to sit in Parliament, where they might best look after their own interests, and woe betide them if they voted against Ministers. Instances abound, such as those of Generals Conway and A'Court, who were deprived of their regiments, as Colonel Barré was of all his military appointments, for opposing the Government in 1764 in the matter of John Wilkes' arrest. Mr. Fortescue asks bitterly whether it is not a dark stain on Pitt's financial fame that his 'ill-judged economy allowed the Army to sink into a condition which turned it from a safeguard into a peril to the State?' and that he should have left the private soldier to starve 'from 1784 to 1791, doled him out a grudging pittance in 1792, and increased his pay, under menace of mutiny, practically three-fold in 1797?' These are fair questions; but the stain rests on a corrupt and vicious system rather than on the individual statesman. To attain the first rank among Chancellors of the Exchequer, a man must have a

'Treasury mind,' such as may only be moved and convinced by arguments and appeals based on first-rate professional experience. Without a Commander-in-Chief, how was it possible that the just claims of the rank and file of the Army could be intelligibly explained and effectively pressed?

Add to all these conditions, each of them enough to cripple the operations of an army in the field, the intensely factious and unscrupulous proceedings of the Opposition in Parliament, whose aim it was—if their speeches be interpreted according to the plain rules of sense and grammar—not only to thwart the designs of the Cabinet, but to paralyse the executive power. In 1775 Fox and Burke vehemently opposed Bills for the embodiment of the Militia; next year Fox wrote of the 'terrible news' of Howe's victory over the Americans at Brooklyn, and Burke passed a glowing encomium upon the incendiaries of New York. In 1778, when France threw in her lot with the American insurgents, Fox denounced the raising of new regiments without the consent of Parliament, and poured scathing obloquy upon the gentlemen of the North and the burgesses of Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, who, in that hour of supreme need, raised what were to become and remain some of the most famous corps in the King's army. In 1779, when the imminence of French invasion had caused the Government to issue a proclamation directing the removal of cattle and supplies in the event of a hostile landing, the Duke of Richmond called a public meeting in Sussex, of which county he was Lord Lieutenant, held the proclamation up to ridicule, and announced his intention not to comply with it. 'Such,' exclaims Mr. Fortescue, 'was the Whig Opposition; such had been the Tory Opposition in Marlborough's time; such, it should seem, are all Oppositions at all times; and yet the country looks for success in war!'

Yet we are not quite so bad as we once were; probably because a singularly able newspaper press, combined with the march of education and vastly increased facilities of communication, keep the people better informed than of yore about the attitude of public men towards passing events. John Bull grumbles fiercely about paying the bill for the forces of the Crown; but let the country once be involved in war, and the overwhelming sense of the constituencies is, 'The Union Jack, right or wrong.' Politicians may be as prone to faction as ever, but they dare not play fast and loose with the safety of our troops

in the field. It has given the present leader of the Opposition considerable trouble to explain away an ill-chosen allusion to 'methods of barbarism.'

At every stage of Mr. Fortescue's narrative recur complaints of the reckless and unscrupulous conduct of the Opposition, which must be noted, however briefly, before passing forward to more stirring episodes, because from first to last it profoundly, and sometimes fatally, affected the course of events by disturbing the public judgment, undermining the resolution of Ministers, and unduly crippling the independence of commanders in the field.

In India the evils of multiple control were greatly aggravated. Military commanders received instructions from the Governors of Presidencies and their Councils, who were, in turn, subject to the authority of the Court of Directors, and these last might be overruled by the Cabinet. When Clive sailed from Calcutta for England in February 1760, 'it seemed,' in the words of a writer of the period, 'as if the soul were departing out of the body of Bengal.' Nevertheless, Clive had set up a standard of conduct and established a code of principles which were to find noble exponents in certain young officers in both the King's and the Company's service. One of the best as well as the most agreeable features in Mr. Fortescue's work is the care he has bestowed in reviving the record of the exploits of these fine soldiers.

It is not upon every step in the rise of British rule in India that an English reader can dwell with satisfaction. More than once—many times more than once—the Company's cause was that of injustice and corruption; wherein, perhaps, may be found the reason why certain names that ought to shine among the brightest in our military annals have been suffered to fade from the page of popular history, and oblivion has descended upon some of the most heroic actions that were ever performed. Englishmen care not to dwell upon narratives, however thrilling, of dauntless disregard of odds and of soldierly endurance of privation, when such episodes have arisen out of the avarice of traders and the craft of commercial diplomatists. Hence probably few persons have learnt to connect the names of Adams, Glenn, and Irving with that most critical summer of 1763 when the Council of Calcutta, having accepted Meer Cossim's bribes to set him on the throne of Bengal, deliberately drove that sagacious and powerful chief to take up arms in defence of his indubitable

rights. Yet, had it not been for the splendid daring of these three officers, the Company must have deeply rued the day when they provoked Meer Cossim to conflict, seeing that of his army of 40,000 men, 25,000 were infantry disciplined and trained by European officers. To deal with this formidable array, the Company could only put in the field some 7,000 of all arms, whereof a clear fourth was wiped out under Captain Carstairs on July 1. Carstairs' brigade had been disgracefully surprised and driven out of Patna; they were intercepted at Manjee by Sumroo's brigade, and laid down their arms after Carstairs himself, eight other officers, fifty European soldiers, and a number of Sepoys had fallen. Worse than wiped out; for several of Carstairs' officers were foreigners—Germans, Dutch, and even French—and these, with many Sepoys, straightway took service with the enemy. With a numerically contemptible force and a treasury dangerously depleted, the British Government could ill sustain at the very outset of a campaign such a deadly blow upon their prestige, which has so often atoned for deficiency in men and material. It was a piece of cruel luck. Carstairs was no true disciple of Clive; had his place at Manjee been filled by Lieutenant Glenn, 'the boot would have been on the other leg,' to use a soldier's saying. But who was Lieutenant Glenn? I hear somebody ask. Had he published a volume or two of third-rate verse or devised an improvement in spinning machinery, no doubt he had been allotted a niche in our biographical dictionaries; but you shall search the best of these in vain for any mention of him, for the simple reason that Glenn's countrymen have dropped him from memory. Yet it was Glenn's action under very trying circumstances that made it possible for a British force to keep the field at a moment when our dominions in Bengal depended upon prompt and vigorous action.

With five or six hundred Sepoys, some sergeants of the 101st Foot, and six guns, Lieutenant Glenn was escorting a convoy of supplies, with 20,000*l.* in specie, for the use of Adams' column. On July 17, between Burdwan and Agurdeep, he was attacked by a force of 17,000 of Meer Cossim's irregulars, luckily without artillery. With perfect coolness in presence of such overwhelming odds, Glenn took up a position upon some rising ground, intersected by ravines, bestowing the cattle and treasure in rear of his slender band. The enemy swarmed upon him, as if to sweep him off the face of the earth; but with splendid steady-

ness Glenn's Sepoys reserved their fire of grape and musketry till every shot must tell. Then they let him have it. The first attack was repulsed; thrice it was renewed; thrice the British guns and treasure passed into the hands of the enemy, and thrice they were recaptured at the point of the bayonet. During four hours, under a pitiless sun, the unequal contest raged; then the Indians drew off, leaving Glenn with his handful of brave fellows, sorely diminished in number, but in full possession of their ground, and with their precious convoy safe.

A good day's work, in truth, but not enough to satisfy Glenn. After two or three hours' repose he pushed on for Cutwa, where it had been arranged he was to join Adams. Instead of Adams he found a detachment of the enemy holding Cutwa. These he attacked at once, driving them out and capturing a large quantity of grain and cattle.

Those who have not heard of Lieutenant Glenn are not likely to know much of Major Adams, especially as the historians of this warfare, though unable to ignore him altogether, have not been at the pains to learn his real name. Broome and Malleson dub him John; but it was plain Thomas Adams who saved the Presidency of Bengal for John Company by such feats of arms as vie with the most extravagant romance in chivalry. Having picked up Glenn's escort at Cutwa, Adams had in his command about 800 Europeans, 2,000 Sepoys, and sixteen field-pieces. With these on July 19 he attacked and completely defeated a greatly superior force under Mohammed Ali Khan, within sight of Plassey of glorious memory. Thus far he had only encountered Cossim's irregular troops, but upon the plain of Gheria his advance was barred by the main army, composed largely of regular regiments, disciplined and commanded by European officers, numbering not fewer than 40,000 of all arms. Even after receiving a weak reinforcement from Moorshedabad, Adams could not bring into action more than 1,000 Europeans and 4,000 Sepoys. Warrant for assuming the offensive against an enemy eight times greater in numbers than the British could be found in no arithmetic less arbitrary than Clive's; but Clive's was the very school wherein Adams had learnt his reckoning. Cossim was strongly entrenched at Sooty; nevertheless, on August 2 Adams ordered the advance with as much confidence as if only a few shepherds were in his path.

Disdaining to await the attack of such a puny foe, Cossim

threw away his chief advantage by leaving his entrenchments and moving out to do battle in the open. When the two lines met, the enemy's cavalry folded inwards, completely enveloping the British force, which was simultaneously attacked on front, rear, and both flanks. This should have spelt annihilation in the horn-books of ordinary men; not so in that of Adams. What followed, and the manner of doing it, must be read in Mr. Fortescue's glowing pages. When the sun went down that night Cossim's vast array had vanished from the scene, and Adams held the entrenched camp, with seventeen guns and great store of munitions and provender. The day had not been won without heavy loss. Among the slain was the gallant Glenn, whose prowess on an earlier day had preserved for his chief the means of carrying on the war.

This amazing performance stands but as the preface to Adams' deliverance of Bengal. Meer Cossim made good his retreat to Oondwah Nullah, a position of extraordinary natural strength, supplemented by elaborate defences on the best European models, carrying one hundred guns. Adams had no experience of siege operations and no knowledge of engineering. Perhaps it was this very ignorance that blinded him to the absurdity of breaking ground in face of a garrison outnumbering his own force by eight or nine to one. Howbeit, making use of the engineering skill of Captain Knox, another of our forgotten heroes, he began his approaches in due form. Siege-guns were brought up to the Ganges, and on September 4 three batteries opened their fire. They might have been blazing away to this very day without serious effect upon ramparts sixty feet thick and ten feet high, surmounted by a parapet eighteen feet thick and seven feet high, had not a deserter come from the fortress, a European who had been in the Company's service. This man offered to win his pardon by showing a secret ford through a great morass, whereby an escalading party might reach a certain stockaded hill, the key of the position. It is idle to attempt to follow the incidents of this night without the handy plan supplied by Mr. Fortescue. Enough to note that the attacking column, under command of Captain James Irving, moved off in the dark, plunged waist and shoulder deep into the swamp, crept through half a mile of it, planted their ladders against the stockade, and surprised the garrison sleeping within what they believed to be impregnable defences.

So little cause had Adams to expect success in a venture depending on the faith of a double-dyed deserter, that he had arranged to make no diversion or supporting movement till Irving should announce by a flare signal his lodgment within the enemy's lines. Shortly after midnight a wavering gleam shot across the marshes; straightway Captain Meran led a second column along the river bank to a slight breach which had been effected in the defences near the water. The garrison, panic-stricken by Irving's appearance in the very heart of their position, made a poor defence and fled pell-mell, crowds of them perishing in the Ganges and Oondwah Nullah. Thus was wrought what Mr. Fortescue pronounces to be 'a feat of arms which has hardly its peer in our military history.' The power of Meer Cossim was finally and utterly broken; almost his last act was to wreak revenge upon his prisoners of war, of whom about two hundred British officers and men he caused to be massacred in cold blood. The pity is that the quarrel sought by the Company was an unjust one; but that was no concern of our troops. They rendered magnificent service; the shame is ours that the names of Adams, Glenn, and Irving should not be household words in every mess-room in the Service, ay, and in every schoolroom in the land.

Before passing from this part of the subject, notice may be made of service rendered in another part of the Empire by one whom England has allowed to drop from her roll of fame. Under the name Pearson or Pierson will be found in our national biographies notices of divines, theologians, musicians, glass-painters, physicians, judges, and so on; but not one word of that Major Pierson to whom we owe the preservation of Jersey to the Crown. Early in January 1781 French troops under command of Baron de Rullecourt landed on the island under cloud of night, marched four miles to St. Helier's, which they surprised and occupied, taking the lieutenant-governor prisoner and forcing him to sign a capitulation. This document Major Pierson, commanding the troops in the island, absolutely refused to recognise. With splendid promptitude he marched upon the town, drove the French into the market-place by hard street-fighting, drew a cordon round them, and succeeded in capturing the whole force. His memory deserves more grateful treatment than it has received at our hands, for this brave officer was shot dead in the moment of victory, the total British loss being only eighty killed and wounded.

It were as easy as it is tempting to quote many episodes such as these from Mr. Fortescue's history, but that would give a very imperfect impression of the spirit of his work. They are but incidents inseparable from the subject; what renders these volumes of permanent value is the author's resolution to get at the heart of things; to lay finger upon the blots in the system whereby military skill, courage, and devotion were often baulked of merited success, and to mark the lessons which the Parliamentary system of government makes it so difficult to drive home.

Many earnest minds are intent at the present moment in conning the experience of the South African campaign; some may be tempted to overrate the change in field tactics rendered necessary by the latest development of artillery and firearms; to condemn reliance on the bayonet and the *arme blanche*,¹ and to pronounce obsolete the shock of cavalry. Let it be remembered that it is by no means certain that all our future campaigns will be conducted against a nation of armed farmers upon an unfenced and practically illimitable veldt. A clever tiro at chess may sometimes succeed in baffling a trained expert by making unorthodox replies to recognised openings; but the expert does not on that account abandon gambits which have served him to good purpose in the past. Infallibly he will find himself at a loss, if he has forgotten the regular attack and defence, next time he meets an equal foe. Like the Boer war, the American war of Independence wrought a revolution in British tactics.

At Brooklyn, Whiteplains, and Brandywine, Howe had outmanœuvred and outfought Washington, not always with superior numbers on his side; and in fact, wherever the Americans attempted to fight according to accepted rule, they had been beaten. It was wholly by irregular warfare that the Americans had got the better of the British, so far as they had got the better of them at all. . . . The methods of Flanders were impossible in the interminable forests through which Burgoyne advanced; and cunning marksmen, hidden in trees, had thinned his numbers, particularly in respect of officers, far more than the musketry of the American platoons. Drill and discipline could make the British soldier stand and be killed; but they could not avail him to silence the unseen rifle which, safely ensconced beyond the range of his own musket, struck down first his officers, then his sergeants, and at last himself. The British, therefore, had no alternative but to learn from their enemies, to pit individual against individual, marksman against marksman, irregular fighting against irregular fighting.

And so it came to pass that the Americans learnt to dread the irregulars of Tarleton, Simcoe, and Ferguson more than the fault-

¹ The bayonet exercise has been dropped from the *Field Exercise*, and the lance has been discontinued.

less lines of redcoats with clean-shaven faces and clubbed and powdered hair.

British officers returned from America with a fixed idea that the firearm was now all in all, that the shock of the bayonet was so rare as to be practically obsolete, and that the greater the frontage of fire that could be developed the better.

It was well for the Army, before which lay twenty years of almost continuous European war, that there were other officers in England who had Indian experience of the miraculous ascendancy of small bodies of disciplined troops over vastly superior numbers of native irregulars. To cite a single example: Nothing but ingrained discipline and the habit of accurate manœuvring saved Joseph Smith's column from destruction at the hands of Hyder Ali near Trincomalee in September 1767. Scores of similar instances were impressed on the memory of every veteran.

There were other officers, also, who had witnessed the splendid field-movements of the Great Frederick's columns. Among these was 'a lean, dry, crabbed Scot,' who had come to Woolwich as lieutenant-fireworker, but was destined to rise to the rank of Privy Councillor and Commander-in-Chief. Being firmly convinced of the danger of adopting an extremely loose formation in the presence of such troops as the Prussians, Dundas drew up in 1788 the first field-exercise for the uniform use of the whole British infantry, and this was brought into force in 1792 by general order. Much of Dundas' drill was needlessly rigid, much was superfluously formal—at least, according to modern opinion—but it hit the practical mean between mere pomp of parade and the desultory handling and 'go as you please' of the American backwoods. Out of Dundas' eighteen fixed manœuvres, Moore and Wellington were to mould a more elastic system, which is to give us presently the spectacle of Soult driven from ridge to ridge through the Pyrenees, and the cuirassiers and lancers of Ney riding impotently among the solid red squares upon the crest of Mont Saint-Jean. Dundas retained the Prussian formation in three ranks; Moore, profiting by his American experience, obtained an extended firing and bayonet front by reducing the ranks to two, thus creating the famous thin red line which was to prove so fatal to the dense French column of double companies, and yet could be thrown in a moment into squares to receive cavalry.

The lesson of all this for the present hour seems to be a warning against over-haste in casting aside what has given our infantry

the mastery of the world's battlefields. Heaven forbid that our rulers should be deaf to the counsel of officers who served in South Africa. Let the individual intelligence and activity of the soldier be developed to the utmost, but do not regard him merely as a marksman. Let him never lose that disciplined comradeship which can only be acquired by constant preparatory drill. Every enemy will not behave like the Boers, neither will every campaign be conducted on the veldt. Our men must be habituated to act in extremely extended formations; but there will still be times when shoulder to shoulder must be the plan. Above all, let not our military authorities listen to Parliamentary clap-trap about the humiliation of the goose-step and the tedium of elementary drill. Irregular troops will always retain their peculiar vices; a smart regiment never yet proved uncertain in action, and smartness can only be attained by what the civilian is apt to sneer at as 'pipeclay.' There is a danger just now that South African models and experience may receive an attention too exclusive. The twenty-sixth chapter of Mr. Fortescue's third volume may afford profitable reading for those who are charged with the duty of applying the lessons of the late campaign.

In the chapters dealing with the American war Mr. Fortescue conducts his readers through the gloomiest period of British military annals. Heartrending as it is to read of fruitless slaughter of fine soldiers, of the ravages of disease, of whole divisions laying down their arms, and of the humiliating climax of five years' campaigning, it is not the British army that has cause to feel shame. There was no lack of heroic devotion or of masterly conduct of operations sorely hampered by defective supplies of men and material. The disastrous close of the campaign was organised in Downing Street, notwithstanding that historians have attempted to trace it to the incapacity of generals and the indifferent behaviour of their troops.

The evil genius of the war was Lord George Germaine. This gentleman, who had been tried by court-martial in 1760 for misconduct at Minden, pronounced 'unfit to serve in any military capacity,' dismissed from the Army and struck off the list of Privy Councillors, was restored to royal favour in 1775 and appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies and for War.

It was asking very much from the loyalty of brave officers that they should receive their orders from one whose name they never could hear without shame; and the evil of the appointment was not diminished by the fact that Germaine

nourished an old grudge against Carleton and was not too well disposed towards Howe.

Scandalous as it was to place the Army under control of one who had been adjudged unfit to hold the King's commission, the habit of discipline might have sufficed to avert serious mischief had Germaine kept within the border of his office. But he must needs strive to regain his military reputation. From the date of his appointment in the dreary winter of 1775, when Howe was blockading Boston with a starving army and only three rounds for each musket, Germaine never ceased interfering by suggestion, instruction, and reprimand to officers commanding in the field, until the dismal story was brought to an end by Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown—'on the whole, perhaps, the heaviest blow that has ever fallen on the British army.' For that dark disaster Germaine must be loaded with the chief responsibility, seeing that he far exceeded the duties of a Cabinet Minister in directing strategy from a distance of three thousand miles, calling upon Generals to perform operations, having at the time neither the power nor the intention of supplying them with the bare means necessary. In 1777, when Howe asked for a reinforcement of 15,000 to enable him to hold the territory he had gained, and to carry on the campaign against New England, Germaine told him he could not send more than 8,000, and prescribed a scheme for the invasion of New York from Canada, which Howe had already pronounced to be not feasible. Three months later he reduced the 8,000 to 3,000 and sent instructions for a totally different campaign, constituting a 'warm diversion' on the coasts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

General Carleton was no favourite with Germaine, and may have been more disposed than others to resent his interference; yet the whole course of this summer's campaign confirms his explanation of the causes which brought about Burgoyne's surrender of Saratoga with 4,000 men.

'This unfortunate event,' he wrote to Burgoyne on November 17, 'it is to be hoped will in future prevent Ministers from pretending to direct operations of war in a country at three thousand miles distance, of which they have so little knowledge as not to be able to distinguish between good, bad, or interested advices, or to give positive orders upon matters which, from their nature, are ever on the change.'

The gallant and capable Clinton, who succeeded General Howe in command of the field force in the spring of 1778, was so exasperated by Germaine's contradictory and impracticable in-

structions, that he, too, sent in his resignation; only a strong sense of duty induced him to withdraw it; and in the following year he writes to this incorrigible meddler:

'For God's sake, my lord, if you wish me to do anything, leave me to myself, and let me adapt my efforts to the hourly change of circumstance.'

Preposterous and pernicious as the attempt might appear, in the present day of instantaneous communication and rapid transport, to conduct from Downing Street a campaign on the other side of the Atlantic, how much more so was it when everything depended upon the wind and what use sailors could make thereof. Many a time the fate of Empire has trembled in the balance owing to belated reinforcements. In the American war the British generals were condemned to inaction during the best part of the year 1776 owing to the delay in arrival of reinforcements and supplies. Clinton with 2,000 men left Boston in December 1775, expecting to take over at Cape Fear a brigade which Lord Cornwallis was to land there from England in the early days of 1776. Having done so, Clinton's orders were to join General Howe before New York. But Cornwallis's transports took three months to cross the Atlantic. They did not reach Cape Fear till May 3, and it was August 1 before Clinton brought to Howe the reinforcements necessary for the attack on New York. Even then operations were delayed by the want of camp equipage, which had not been sent out with the troops, and it was not till the 27th that Howe was enabled to engage the enemy in the successful action of Brooklyn. Eight months had run by in enforced idleness, which Washington failed not to employ in strengthening the defences of New York.

Among all the features which distinguish warfare of the twentieth century from that of the eighteenth, none has effected such a complete revolution as the increased speed of communication and transit. It is satisfactory also to reflect how greatly this has contributed to strengthen the imperial arm. Many are still living to remember June 23, 1857, on which day London was *en fête* to commemorate the centenary of the battle of Plassey. Not a word of warning had reached this country of the terrible events which, beginning as long before as May 10, had marked the course of the most tremendous mutiny recorded in history. Under present conditions, the fusillade at Meerut would hardly have ceased before the emergency would have been understood in London, and measures have been taken for the despatch of troops.

One scarcely likes to contemplate what might have been the fate of the expedition which was first considered enough to reduce the truculent Boers, had not the Home Government received and responded to on the instant a demand for four times the strength. Whatever may have been the mistakes and mismanagement in that war, one golden principle was observed—namely, to give the Commander of the Field Force all that he asked for.

It is not extravagant to maintain that, had that principle been acted on in the American war, the revolted colonies never could have won their independence by force of arms. Repeatedly during the struggle Washington despaired of the revolutionary cause, owing to wholesale desertion of his levies, to the interference with his plans and neglect of his needs on the part of Congress, to the extreme depreciation of the paper currency with which he had to pay his troops, and to the invariable superiority of the British in regular operations. Had it been possible for the Cabinet to obtain timely intelligence of the rebellion in its early stages; had they listened to the urgent appeals from the front for reinforcements; had they shown the courage to ask, and Parliament the magnanimity to grant, the necessary supplies, Congress must have been forced to sue for peace before France threw her weight into the scale against the Mother Country.

Even three years after she had done so, Washington in 1780 wrote despondingly of the result. 'To me it will be miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present train'; and in the following year he declared 'we are at the end of our tether.' It was in 1780 that Benedict Arnold, probably not inferior in military capacity to Washington and Greene, came over to the British side, and explained to Germaine how the war might be brought to a close. 'Money will go further than arms in America,' said he, and explained his scheme to outbid Congress in the terms offered to recruits. If that were not adopted, then he pronounced that the war might be ended by concentrating the whole army and giving up the fatal system of scattered raids and isolated posts. But Germaine was incorrigible to the end. General Howe has been made the scape-goat for the failure of the war, owing to his inactivity in comfortable quarters at Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-8, when he ought to have been operating against Washington at Valley Forge. It certainly was an opportunity wasted, for Washington never was at a lower ebb than during that winter, which he put

to good use in reorganising his army; but there is good reason to suppose that Howe, who was only waiting to be relieved of his command, was distracted by incessant instructions, most of them impracticable, from Germaine, and took refuge in doing nothing. There was no Commander-in-Chief; the highest military authority was the Adjutant-General Harvey, who declared at the outset of the war that 'to attempt to conquer America internally by our land force is as wild an idea as ever controverted common-sense'; yet, in face of that opinion, Germaine was permitted to attempt to run the campaign on his own lines from his desk in Downing Street. One supreme lesson from that disastrous war remains for the everlasting warning of Cabinets. Once war has been declared and the best officer chosen to command in the field, he must be given a free hand. The business of Ministers and Parliament is to supply him with all the men and material he declares to be necessary, and then to leave him alone until either he has accomplished his task, or he has failed and been superseded by another. None but a soldier can form an opinion what an army in the field can or cannot do; to interfere with his judgment and to control his action is to invite a repetition of the American muddle which was so accurately forecast by General Harvey in 1775. 'Unless a settled plan of operations be agreed upon for next spring, our army will be destroyed by damned dribblets.'

WEEDS OF THE GARDEN.

Those wicked weeds.—CHAUCER.

I FEAR that to say so may be thought a sign of poor gardening ; yet, nevertheless, I have to acknowledge that I admire weeds. There are some, indeed, whom I love like old friends, whilst the grace and beauty of some are a never-failing delight. Not, of course, things like Shepherd's Purse—interesting as that really is—or Groundsel, or Chickweed ; although even these have their charm, and Groundsel especially must not be too severely dealt with, since whenever one sees it—as Lord Rosebery pleasantly said once—‘one thinks of one's canary !’ Also when I confess to a love of weeds I do not refer to Stinging-nettles, who come up singly never, but always in tribes and families, always making one think of ruined homes and ‘doleful haunts where satyrs dance.’ Nor do I love afflictions such as Summer Cress or Hound's-tongue and others which insist on reappearing summer after summer, in spite of our persistent efforts at discouragement ; nor Corn Sow-Thistle, or Dandelion, each exquisitely leaved, but each a worry because it ‘comes’ too much. Also one has no regard for ‘the Bishop's-weed.’ Why ‘the Bishop's’ it were hard to say. One detects in it nothing especially episcopal. By the confused description in Gerarde's ‘Herbal’ it would seem to be Honewort. In Paxton it is Sison Ammi, from the Celtic *sisum* a running stream. This Sison one should call an evil weed were it not so harmless. Anyhow, it is too tiresome for words. Paxton is good enough to inform the reader that ‘the seeds merely require sowing in common garden soil in spring.’ Who would be so rash as to sow it ? It suffices to receive a parcel of any kind of plants from the North, and Bishop's-weed is pretty sure to be amongst the packing, and you are safe to stock your garden with it, without the faintest hope of ever getting rid of it, for the root runs far and deep.

The chief interest of garden weeds seems to rest with those that spring up naturally of themselves ; which, as it were, belong to the soil. They are more in number, I think, than those sown by birds or in other ways imported. It is not easy, how-

ever, sometimes, to know for certain which are indeed true natives of the place.

I should like to begin the list of garden weeds with such as may be supposed to belong naturally to my own little plot in South Bucks, and by naming my favourite of all, the Greater Celandine, in Somerset called the Witches' Flower (*Chelidonium majus*). So pleasant to me is this dear plant that every spring, when the young growth may not at once be visible, I suffer from acute fears lest the stock is lost; yet in the end there is no disappointment: soon or late the weed I love is sure to reappear.

Great Celandine, when it has attained its proper size, is full of grace. It is satisfactory all round. It is an 'elegant' plant in the old true meaning of the word—that is, 'made with care and taste, excellent; highly wrought.' Seldom is it seen in groups of more than three or four, oftener it comes singly, and shadowy places seem to be the most agreeable to it. There is just one drawback—the sinister-looking orange drop that oozes from the end of a stalk when broken. Yet even that ugly drop is possessed of healing qualities. The leaf is boldly and exquisitely cut, and the whole plant bears a sort of stately presence, lowly in stature though it be—an aspect of strength and delicacy combined. Great Celandine is certainly my best-loved garden weed. He is said to be named 'Chelidon' after the swallow, since he first appears in spring with the swallow, and dries up when swallows depart. Our Celandines near the house—they seldom wander far—began to spring this year just as the first swallows arrived. As for his withering away, the plant knows his time, but I do not; since I am always absent from the garden from July until autumn.

For the Lesser Celandine I fear I have little fancy. Poets praise it and children love it; therefore not to care for it must surely be my own mistake. Just once or twice it is seen in the garden nestling among the roots of a Rose-bush, with wide-open petals glistening in the sun like gold; and then I have almost liked it. It then has somehow seemed to lose its perhaps rather 'common' look.

Early in February or March, under the old trees of a Lime avenue just outside the garden wall, our Little Celandine luxuriates. Suddenly, in April last, there appeared one day a purple glow—the purple of wild Sweet Violets—between the polished leaves and blossoms of Celandine. The Violets made netted patchwork in the midst, and they seemed to redeem the almost vulgar

boldness of the little yellow-flowered plant; a Violet leaning against every other green leaf-disc of Celandine!

Another favourite is a handsome weed that stays with us in beauty from about the first week of December, until put an end to by the hot suns of summer. Gardening and botanical authorities have cruelly named it *Helleborus fetidus*. Yet except for a kind of pungent odour in the leaf when crushed, nothing can be discovered to warrant the unpleasant name. Had I had the luck to be its godmother, it should have been named something that meant green-flowered, or charming, or 'the plant with sad-coloured leaf.' As usual, it is next to impossible clearly to make it out in the gardening books, at least in those I have been able to consult. Mostly these descriptions seem to read as though the authors had never beheld the plants they describe; and when there are illustrations the case is worse: they seem to be coloured to look pretty and—except when photographed—are unnaturally twisted about so as to fit the page.

Helleborus fetidus, if thus it must be, seems to have been with us always, more or less. At least I cannot remember when it was not here. It grows only in one special bit of the garden, within the shaded angle of an old brick wall. I do not know of the narrow boundary being ever overstepped in the course of these many years past, save once only, when one individual seedling contrived to transfer itself from the shady to the sunny side of the old wall. Here it rejoiced in the hot south with equal zest as formerly in the cool shade. Hellebore seems to be not particular about either aspect or soil, thriving, as it does here, both in deep garden mould and in gravel. Last December the abundant blossoms of our Hellebore weed were conspicuously attractive, and thus they remained unchanged until the first days of April. Even then the light-green paniced cymes, in such good contrast with the dark foliage, retain their beauty while the flower quietly seeds itself away. Long before the Hellebore has failed, Euphorbia, or Cape Spurge, begins to dot the borders here and there with the columnar grace of his tall stem. Euphorbia never comes in such numbers as to require much clearing away. It may not be a feeling of admiration that rivets attention to this curious weed; it is more perhaps the strange symmetry of the set of its leaves. An equal measure of parts is no unusual characteristic among plants, yet Euphorbia displays this exact symmetry in rather an uncommon degree. The leaves are said

to point north, south, east, and west; and I believe this to be true—at least it is thus with the *Euphorbias* in my garden. They may make a mistake sometimes, but as a rule they know what they are about—they know the points of the compass.

What mysterious magnetism is it that moves these strange leaves? What secret stirring of the slow white sap?

A fine plant of *Euphorbia* rises against one of our walls, and had attained already, by May 13, a height of three and a half feet, with an exceedingly massive stem. Downwards from the budding summit, where are seven buds instead of the usual four, the colour of the stem is all of a lovely lilac, fading palely into green. The leaves—blunted at the end, and each one's centre broadly veined in dull white—show a kind of careless vigour. This great *Euphorbia* king seems scarcely to know what to do with his own immense vitality; and before long the firm smooth pillar will be spoilt by the branching out—Brussels-sprout-wise—of little sprigs all the way down. The bud bears in some degree the semblance of a serpent's head, and so the plant has been called 'Medusa' or 'Medusa's Head.' And also it is said that a dead plant will come to life again and bloom if placed in warm water. I have not tested the truth of this.

If we climb down from these grand incomprehensibles to the earth around them, which in March they have not yet begun to pierce, we find in that early month numbers of the little field *Veronica* about the garden, beginning to twinkle in the morning sun. It is not of much account, being so very small. Yet I have seen the furrows of a ploughed field just outside the garden literally blue with it as it lay there in countless multitudes. As the season ripens, *Veronica agrestis* goes its way and gives no trouble. After this come a few more weeds, both favourites and enemies. In their order of precedence they are these: *Draba verna*, Robin-run-the-Hedge, Bryony (Black and White), Enchanter's Nightshade, Nettles (Stinging, White, and Yellow), Pimpernel, Fumitory, *Corydalis lutea*, Nightshade, *Convolvulus*, Crane's-bill, Mare's-tail, &c.

Draba verna is a sweet little thing, and even in childhood I had learnt its pretty name. When it first flowers in February, it is like a delicate miniature, so exquisite is the finish of the tiny white flowers set on their tender stalklet. *Draba verna* is very cheerful in itself, and likes to make its home on some old mossy ledge, perhaps half-way up a western wall. Such a position has

been chosen by it here, and here a numerous family party are established, looking the picture of happy well-being. At times its fancy is for a number to grow in patches on some sunny bit of lawn where a big tree may keep the grass spare and dry. I have enjoyed the sight of our little plant on the wall all through March and part of April. But towards the end of the latter it will have grown too tall and scraggy. It will look gigantic, towering above a new settlement of Forget-me-nots which have since taken possession of the moss-grown ledge, crowding over every inch around the *Draba* roots. These Forget-me-nots are the most wonderful Lilliputians imaginable. Each flower is almost smaller than the head of the very tiniest minikin pin; yet the six square inches of them gathered together give a perceptible sense of blueness to the bit of old wall. The sky-blue is as bright, and the starry form as perfect in every detail, as is displayed in any of those finer forms of Forget-me-not that set with turquoise the wild margins of our English rivers.

Robin-run-the-Hedge, or Goose-grass, or Cleavers, is as tiresome as any of our most unbeloved garden weeds. It begins early, and if let alone would soon smother up everything. The Greeks, I believe, called Goose-grass *Philanthropon*, because they attributed to a love of mankind its tiresome clinging habit. If this were true, our remorseless pulling up of it would indeed seem hard. A much smaller, more refined Goose-grass grows in one—and only in one—little bit of shrubbery amongst Ivy and Yellow Kerria and Bramble. This may be *Galium tricorné* (though it answers not in the least to Anne Pratt's description). It never wanders, and makes a pretty variety mixing with the dark-leaved Ivy.

White Bryony is springing fast in May, already seeking to support itself on Yew hedges, Box, or Laurel. The small green flower comes much later, with all its furnishment of most sentient, most intelligent tendrils. You may almost think you *see* them, stretching out like hands, to clasp and hold a branch or stick, or aught else likely to make support for the tender shoots. I do not know if ever the question has been decided whether tendrils twist always from right to left, or the other way. Once I made a series of observations, but that is so long ago I forget the result, if any, and it does not matter much. In the case of shells, they, as is well known, almost invariably turn or twist one way. And if by chance one is discovered going the other way, the specimen is greatly prized. Sea and land shells, garden snails, &c., all go the

same way. The law held good in primal ages when this old world was young; for fossil ammonites, large or small, thousands of years ago did precisely the same. Even flat, fan-like shells will always spread from left to right. Whichever way its tendrils have to turn, we give our White Bryony leave to clamber where it will; nor is it torn down until the green, round berry begins to redden, when, having lost self-control, the plant has lost its charm.

Black Bryony, *Tamus communis*, is rare in our countryside, and we have within this garden only two. These two plants are cared for and cherished, for Black Bryony is handsomer than White. The Black has no tendrils, yet it manages well enough without; and as for its leaf, I know no other leaf so satisfying to the eye as this, in the plain sincerity of its pure outline.

Another climber which I think is native to all gardens in every place everywhere—the fatal Bindweed, or Withy-wind—would strangle in an unrelenting, weak embrace the entire pride of the garden. Only an unsparing vigilance will keep the beautiful destroyer in check. Yet, for me at least, what courage is needed to tear away a thing so utterly lovely as the snow-white *Convolvulus*-flower of it! Once I asked my gardener, ‘Was there *any* place at all where Bindweed might be in peace, and have leave to live?’ His reply was curt and decisive: ‘There’s NO place.’

Our wicked Withy-wind must be related nearly to the beautiful Indian Moon-flower, the pure white *Convolvulus* that is said to open only to the moon. Although this is not, alas! numbered among our English garden weeds, it is known and loved of many an exiled heart. Here is an Englishwoman’s impression of her first sight of the Moon-flower in her Indian garden, one evening of last December. In a letter home she writes:

I went in the garden after tea to feed the hungry fishes in the fountain, and then the gardener brought to me the most wondrous white flower, the Moon-flower. He took me to see the plant itself in a tiny pot, climbing up a trellis, and told me two of the buds were just going to come out; and sure enough when I arrived, there was one great bud quivering slightly on its long stalk, and in about five minutes the petals began slowly, slowly to unfurl, till I could see right into its clear transparent depths. I think it must have taken quite fifteen minutes to fully expand; but I could not wait all the time. Long enough to be reminded of Shelley’s lines about the Rose:—

‘Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.’

The prettiest weed of the garden, after all—and the sweetest if you bruise the leaf of it—is the common Crane's-bill. I find in an old family Herbal the remark that 'very few know it by the name of Crane's-bill, but every one knows a Geranium.' That was printed in the days when Pelargoniums and Geraniums were all *Geraniums*. Now and then our Crane's-bill will make some shady garden-corner rosy, or it courts full sunshine hanging from the grey limestone of the rockery. The delicate markings of the small flowers seem, as it were, 'put in' with a touch; and so elusive is the colour one knows not if to call it pink or rose-lilac.

No highly cultivated florist's flower could be more alluring in its beauty. How many such, indeed, are cultivated up to so huge a doubleness and machine-made regularity that a point is reached where all true distinction and character are lost! The flower of many a persecuted wild garden weed, in comparison, seems, as one might say, 'hand-made'—bears still in the lovely painting and shaping of its corolla the mark of the hand of God.

Corydalis lutea flourishes abundantly on our old brick walls, clinging by preference to the western aspect. Few things of the kind please more than its sea-green Fern-like foliage, so delicately made, yet richly full, as to give the idea of masses of green sea-foam. The little yellow flower-spike is muffled up to the chin in its foamy leaves. Such at least is the fashion of their growth with us.

Mixed with *lutea* is a bunch or two of the white variety. This is not native to the garden: it came from a nurseryman's packet of seed.

Ground-Ivy is another chief favourite. The name Ground-Ivy is often misleading, for we find visitors to the garden often call the Common Ivy that is kept low under our large trees 'Ground-Ivy.' Alehoof is also its ungainly popular name, because formerly used in the refining of ale. It is also used as an infusion for inflamed eyes. Should real Ivy be used, however, by mistake, as sometimes happens, the result is most painful.

Ground-Ivy has long been understood to have the freedom of one special spot in our garden. It is allowed to en-ring the ancient Sumach with a broad band of sapphire. Before August has clothed the tree in beauty with its own glowing inflorescence, many things besides Ground-Ivy are there to dress it or to creep around it. There are Wild Primroses in spring, and self-sown *Berberis* decorates the bare stem with little yellow balls. Night-

shade too, winding cautiously about the time-worn trunk and crooked branches, pushing out purple tassels all the way as it climbs, arrives at last, and looks out from the topmost leaves in a shower of purple tipped with gold. Our Nightshade is not, I believe, the deadly Dwale; yet since it has descended now to the lawn from its position on the top of a high wall, where it had flourished formerly for years, there would seem to be certain fears about the danger of its tempting berries.

It would be a disappointment if yellow Ladies'-bedstraw, or Galium, came not in its season, year by year, among the stones around our sundial. The peculiar perfume of it refreshes greatly, more especially if mixed with Honeysuckle. It is only in Scotland, I believe, where Wild Honeysuckle blooms late, deep within woodland shades,—while Yellow Galium, with flowerstalks rising a foot or more, makes gay the sunny banks outside, that one can breathe this mixed sweetness. Galium is far less vigorous of growth here in the South, where, according to Gerarde, 'it wanders hither and thither upon the ground, supporting its yellow spikes upon the herbage or stones near at hand.' Red Lamium, always rather coarse-looking, is inclined to be a tiresome weed; though now and then it is impossible not to enjoy the dash of red given suddenly by a cluster of it at the edge of a border, in the grass, or somewhere else where it ought not to be; a short-lived triumph, to be too quickly ended as soon as the gardeners 'come round.' Yellow Nettle, Weasel-snout, or, as in Oxfordshire, 'Dumb Nettle' (*Lamium Galeobdolon*), steadfastly keeps its place in a little sunless grassy bit at the foot of a north wall under the stable clock. As a garden weed, the plant perhaps is rare. When it first appeared, I believed it to be a herb of note, and at once gave it welcome in the spot it chose, amongst a few Archangels (spared for their beauty) and rambling Potentilla. Yet the Yellow Nettle is quite common in neighbouring woods, where it contrasts cheerfully with blue drifts of Hyacinth. I know not why Dead Nettle is 'Archangel,' except for the purity of its velvet whiteness. In the kitchen garden beside one of the gravel walks, little red Pimpernels or Shepherd's Clock gaze up open-eyed at the sun in June. These are lovely and beloved; but never can I forget the joy and pride of one day finding at the edge of the turnip plot a solitary plant of the azure-blue variety, *Anagallis cærulea*. The root was carefully marked with a stick, but never did it flower any more.

Weeds belonging to that part of the garden which once was cornfield should not perhaps be reckoned among true garden weeds. Yet one of them, at least, must not be left out. *Equisetum*, or Mare's-tail, is possessed of rather a peculiar interest, if it be, as I am told, the only living British representative of the Carboniferous period. No mention of this can I find in any of the usual garden books consulted, and others were too learned; it is not named by Gerarde or by Parkinson, nor do others say a word. Often have I watched with interest our forests of *Equisetum* growing up through the hard-rolled gravel, or thronging narrow edges at the foot of a paling that divides us from the field. Of late these mimic Mare's-tail forests are observed to have diminished, and to-day, at the end of May, the plant cannot be found at all. Last autumn we saw a patch of it looking like a fairy Larch forest, near a field path in the Highlands. The habitats of *Equisetum* lie far apart indeed.

The common *Arum maculatum*, the 'Lords and Ladies' of lanes and hedge-banks, is another protected weed in my garden, although by Paxton's dictum 'it is a very disagreeable flower, and hence they are not favourites.' The presence of it even in this garden of strict protection is often misunderstood, and at times its ruined leaves are seen in the weed-barrow. I think it to be one of the most native of our wild garden friends. Among its many country names are Silly Loons (in Somerset) and Cuckoo Pint. Cuckoo 'quart' might well be named the great species that grows under Olive-trees and in grassy places in the South of France, and whose giant spathe is like a grocer's cornucopia of tissue-paper. Some of these that I once brought home and planted in the garden Apple-border waned away entirely after a few years, while plants of our smaller English species at about the same time became oftener seen. *Arums* do not get on very well either wild or in the garden. Never have I beheld in the garden a single one of their scarlet fruit-spikes, while in the lanes and hedge-banks rarely does a single spathe escape the busy hands of passing school-children. Only last week I was admiring the splendid green and luxuriant growth of a great colony of *Arums* under an old clay-built wall, when by came the parish hedger and cleared them all off, carefully leaving in safety a huge bed of Stinging-nettles.

An interesting little thing was—for I think it is now no more—a minute pale-pink *Geranium* which used to come in dry hot

summers on the hard gravel walks. The height of it would be about half an inch, and the utmost spread of its foliage might almost cover a crown-piece. This mite has, I fear, yielded at last to the persistence of the garden-roller.

Most lovely and most native among all the natural weeds of the garden of which I write are the wild White Violets. Against these there is no law. In February and March the whole garden is white with them in every part, and in the grass at the north-east end and under the Apple-trees you would almost think there had been a hailstorm, so white and thick the White Violets lie. It is only Violets and Wood Strawberries that are suffered to spread and multiply at will like this. Without question Violets are native to the garden. It would seem that wild Violets wander more than other weeds, or else they sooner tire of a given place. Their numbers do not decrease, but many a fragrant patch remembered well in orchard grass or elsewhere about the garden has somehow disappeared, to be found again in some quite new locality. Wood Strawberries were brought home 'for remembrance,' from the old grey walls of a little church in Hampshire, about a quarter of a century ago. They seed now everywhere and are welcome; and they forget not the old church walls whence came their parent plant, and will climb joyfully all among the *Linaria cymbalaria*—or Mother of Thousands, or Wandering Sailor—to the top of our old brick ivied buttresses, six feet high and more. A little Barren Strawberry has been my pet for years. For many years it has lived close under the house-wall, creeping up supported by wild Ivy, looking very pretty, with an embroidery of humble little blossoms. And only lately have I learnt that it is no Strawberry at all, but *Potentilla fragariastrum*.

And so we come to wild things who have made the garden their home, and yet who do not seem to have naturally sprung there: they have been brought by birds, or have come in a hundred ways.

Once, all over the kitchen garden, the Thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*) ran wild. It used to be too plentiful, though now quite lost. I remember how beautiful it was, with its large, pale-purple blossom, giving place in season to the prickly fruit, in its turn opening to scatter abroad its little black seeds. Gradually, as years went on, and care took the place of long neglect, it was weeded away off the face of the land, and now—I am sorry! They say *Datura* was used in the incantations and unlawful practices of

witches ; also, no doubt in some places, Thorn-apple is—as it is said to be—a remnant of old ecclesiastical gardening, although introduced from Constantinople, Spain, or Italy, not earlier, I believe, than 1597.

Milk-thistle, *Carduus Marianus*, is another departed weed from our garden, where it formerly used to flourish. This also, with its white-streaked leaves—made lovelier by a holy meaning that tradition gave—was once a favourite in convent gardens. Wherever it now is found, when not recently introduced, we may be sure its origin in that place is in some way ecclesiastical. Our Milk-thistle has surely gone the way of *Datura*, and it will be seen no more in the garden. These beautiful things are shy in their own way, seeming well to understand when they are not much wanted. Tansy, with leafage ‘infinitely jagged and nicked and curled withal like feathers’ (so described in Parkinson), has also, for reasons of its own, quitted the garden ; and last June a patch of it, avoided by the cows, gave the sole touch of fresh green in all our dried-up meadow. The day of a school feast, a party of white-frocked little girls, sitting in the midst of this fresh and brilliant Tansy—busy tying up aromatic posies of its emerald sprigs—made a picture to be remembered. On the east side of the house, close under the drawing-room windows, in a sort of *earth hem* six inches wide, suddenly appeared one summer a single plant of *Claytonia perfoliata*, holding a flower-head upright in the middle of its strange little green saucer. Immediately it became a favourite weed. We have had difficulties in the matter of keeping it alive. There was an under-gardener who persisted in mowing it down. It did no harm in the position it had chosen ; strict orders had been given not to meddle with the little plant ; yet whenever this unlucky youth’s turn came to tidy up, the *Claytonia* was sure to be annihilated. Once I hurried to stand guard over my weed as ‘Baggs,’ looking dangerous, came near, and again forbade him to touch it. Yet next morning it was cut as usual. Nothing will cure an unskilled garden-labourer’s ardour for destroying the wrong thing. ‘Baggs’ has long been a thing of the past, and *Claytonia perfoliata* now lives and multiplies in peace.

Close under an aged Apple espalier for several years past has flourished a splendid root of Wild Wood Hyacinth. Somehow, although constantly increasing in size and in depth of colour, it has never lost the thin spare character of a true wild flower. Once

on a time there came a plant of Twayblade. Dog-violets flower here and there like little amethyst gems, and a new variety, very pale in hue, has appeared. In the month of May, Wild Hyacinth—blue and white and pink—adopts the garden for its own. In May, too, Woodruffe makes sweet the air in different parts of the garden. These last, however, are weeds imported at some period from elsewhere.

Late in June one becomes aware of the slender, eager springing of Avens wherever there is shade of shrubs or trees. I like to see it—in moderation—and it suits well its pretty names of 'Goldstar' and 'Erba Benedetta,' though certainly not unlike a tall, mistaken Buttercup. With small petals and bunch of brown central stamens it makes but little show.

Then there are what may be called national weeds—weedy plants which are mostly too inherent and native to the soil of every English garden. Of these are the hateful Summer Cress; and Shepherd's Purse, with its little heart-shaped satchels, so neat and tidy-looking in its habit; and Enchanter's Nightshade—which, for all its magic name, is a pest and would fain, if we let it, annex the garden altogether; and pink-flowered Willow-weed, which we should make much of were it only rare; and Coltsfoot, which I love. And in the garden orchard—as, indeed, wherever deep meadow grass is growing, all over the country in the springtime of the year—come those dear favourites of childhood, the innocent Cuckoo-flowers, or Lady's Smock. Mistletoe has always been a lover of this garden. The double lines of old branching Limes are tufted with it. Our old Apple-trees are green with Mistletoe in winter. And lately young seedlings are seen creeping up the stem of at least one young Apple-tree. I do not see that any harm is done; and how weirdly beautiful at Christmastide is its dark green foliage set with pearls! Besides these and many more, a host of indistinguishable green things, which I suppose have names.

And then the Grasses! As a matter of fact, one species alone belongs to the garden. Bashaw-grass, the name by which I have always known it, is conspicuous for its style and stature. The real name, I suppose, is Brome-grass, or Barren Brome-grass. The other name must have been at some time gained by its commanding height and appearance; for the Bashaw of dictionaries is 'a tyrant; a proud, imperious person.' Yet notwithstanding its flaunting title, the whole growth of this grass is

instinct with perfect grace. There could hardly be a better proof of true taste in a gardener than that given last summer, when a large tuft of Bashaw-grass was left on the edge of a shrubby tangle, just where Yew and Wild Ivy meet the lawn. All through autumn and winter, the yellowing *awns* and sprays contrasted well with the dark evergreen background. A few common grasses crest some of our old walls, mingling with yellow Wall-flower; but they spring and fade, and come and go with the changing year, and we seem to take no heed of them. All over the lawns come, too easily and too many, unsightly Plantains, and with them, sometimes, lovely dark patches of very lowly Thyme. Daisies, in their multitudes, of course are continually snubbed. Their name is never heard or alluded to; but in the secret heart of me, I love them! I would have my lawn all white with Daisies (if only at the same time the turf remained short and velvety!). To every heart is dear the crimson edges of the little simple flower; for who can forget Tennyson's maiden whose footstep left the Daisies rosy, or Wordsworth's Daisy, that 'protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun'?

What happy thanks we owe to poets who have crystallised for us in undying verse our vague throbs of Nature-love!

I can think of no more garden weeds, either pets or enemies, native or imported, unless the various Agarics that autumn brings may be so called. They come in shadowy places under trees or in the shrubberies. To me they are full of interest in their quiet way, endless in variety, and some of them marvellously made. We cannot boast any grandly coloured scarlet and orange species, but in their own varied shades of brown or lilac the beauty of our autumn Toadstools cannot be surpassed.

One, like a large dark brown or chocolate Mushroom, was found four years ago between the roots of a great Oak in a meadow near the garden fence. This curious growth seemed something of a mystery, and was despatched to me by post the day my gardener discovered it.

It was then, and still remains, as hard as a bit of mahogany. It is as if the spirit of the Oak and his substance had passed into the lowly fungus at his feet. One might almost fancy some kind of occult affinity, in the broad Mushroom-like shape of the old Oak of four or five centuries from which it sprang. It is said of the various kinds of Fungus arboreus that they have a venomous faculty; and they of the Oak bring death.

Before altogether taking leave of weeds, a word must be said about one of the prettiest and most remarkable—although not English. *Oxalis cernuus* is especially a Garden weed, for it is not seen in waste ground. During February and March, Riviera hotel and villa gardens are gay with its bright yellow flower. It covers the garden beds persistently to the discomfiture of gardeners, and the sown grass is often full of it. *Yet it never seeds.* Its manner of propagation is kept to itself, and remains an impenetrable mystery, impossible to unravel. Within the last twenty-five years the coasts of Southern France and Italy have been overrun, and it has now crossed the sea and made itself at home in Sicily. Experiments have been made, and the fact appears established that *Oxalis cernuus* does not ripen seed in Europe, neither are the insects, bees, &c., necessary for its propagation found in Europe. Yet the increase is so enormous that in at least one garden known to me, eight men were employed daily in digging it up; and still it was not got rid of! This *Oxalis* is a native of the Cape, and it is common in the island of Teneriffe. The yellow colour of it is peculiarly fresh and beautiful, and the footstalk not seldom rises from nine to eleven inches in height, so full of life and vigour is the plant. It is remarked to be very particular about closing by four o'clock in the afternoon.

It might certainly seem that the English garden where we have wandered is but 'a dankish untoyled place,' as old garden books would say, after this long enumeration of its weeds and fungi. Yet I think it is not so badly kept after all. It might even be a surprise to find there more flowers than weeds!

E. V. B.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S AIGRETTE.

I BELIEVE I am perfectly safe in surmising that the most interesting and exciting days of my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed's stay in England with me fell out during the presence in London of the Moorish Mission to the Court of St. James's. The members of the Mission were housed by the authorities in a substantial mansion in the neighbourhood of Prince's Gate, and as I was staying at the time in my father's town house in Sloane Street with Abd el Majeed, of course the distance between the Sheikh and his compatriots was trifling. Further, when I tell you that the head of the Mission, Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, was the uncle of the third wife of my Sheikh's father, it will be easily imagined that El Majeed had some grounds for the frequency of his visits to the mansion at Prince's Gate, and was in no danger of wearing his welcome thin there.

Myself, as it were vicariously, and by the light reflected from my Moorish friend, became something of a *persona grata* with the members of the Mission, and, as no other members of my family were then in town, I found it easy, upon more than one occasion, to recompense the hospitality with which the Mission welcomed me at Prince's Gate, by entertaining old Sidi Abd er Rahman and his followers in Sloane Street. Knowing something of Moorish affairs and customs, I was enabled to make them very comfortable there, and I am not sure whether any of the more or less splendid functions in which our Government paid honour to his Shareefian Majesty of Morocco, through his ambassador, were sources of more real enjoyment to Abd er Rahman and his party than were the little informal reunions in my father's Sloane Street residence.

Be that as it may, I am quite sure that the authorities of our Foreign Office had found much food for reflection (could they have overheard them) in some of the conversations which took place there between the members of the Mission and myself. The Moors accepted me as an unofficial friend, rejoiced in my green tea specially procured for their delectation, devoured bushels of cous-couscous prepared for them in our kitchens under the supervision of the Sheikh, were generous in their admiration of the two ladies from the 'Halls' who were good enough upon one occasion to

demonstrate before us some of the intricacies of the art of skirt-dancing, and altogether relaxed themselves agreeably from the formality of ambassadorial life in the capital of the British Empire.

Their comments upon affairs of State were highly interesting to me, and their remarks regarding the conduct of great officials in our land and in theirs would have been startling, I fancy, to the grand Bashas who rule in Downing Street. For example, I remember the venerable Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi having some little discussion with me regarding the social status in London of the ladies of the ballet who had so delighted him with their exhibition of skirt-dancing. He asked if they would be accorded positions of special honour, during royal receptions and the like, at the Court of St. James's. I replied that I hardly thought so.

'Then it is indeed as I thought,' said the ambassador; 'and there can be no doubt but that your English Government is mightily afraid of my master, Abd el Aziz of Morocco, and desires to pay him most humble court, despite their occasional loud talk of sending warships to enforce claims and the like. Such talk need not be seriously considered by us, who are of the Faithful, I think.'

I requested further enlightenment as to these somewhat remarkable conclusions of the ambassador's.

'Well, thou seest,' he explained, 'in our country the women of our dalliance, the slaves of our women's quarters, are not thought of seriously by persons of rank. They are not at all as wives, you understand. Now, when I came across the water to your country here, being a man of note in mine own country and standing high in the favour of my master—may Allah prolong his days!—I naturally brought some three or four women with me . . . slaves, thou knowest; it is not fitting that a Believer should subject his wives to the hazards of travel among infidels. Now, when those my female slaves did alight from the great ship, your Lord Chamberlain and the high representatives of your Sovereign who came to greet us did respectfully turn their backs until such time as these my slave women were effectually hidden in the train, and in dismounting from the train here in London, it was the same, and carefully closed and shuttered carriages were provided for them, your greatest officials humbly bowing and turning aside from their path, much to the secret merriment of these my slaves, who each and all knew what it was to chaffer openly in Marrakish market-place with lowly sellers of vegetables, and that with

scarcely a cloth over their lips—if I may be pardoned for naming matters so private.’ (In this connection, I must quote a remark his Excellency made to me a few days later. ‘Why, sir,’ said he, with swelling chest, ‘do you know that your Sovereign Lord and Lady received me at the Palace with my shoes on and my djellab-hood raised, a guise, b’Allah, in which no letter-writing scribe, anxious for a fee, would allow me to enter his house in Morocco. These things speak louder than words.’ It is true they do, to an Oriental. My blood boiled as I listened, for I know the Oriental feeling in such matters, as who does not who has lived in Eastern lands? Also, I knew that finely elaborated details of all this would reach every city gate and coffee-scented place of gossip in Sunset Land. And it was so.) ‘Thus then am I assured that my master and his messengers are greatly feared and revered here among the infidels, who bow down with so much humility even before the lowliest slaves among us.’

My British pride was made somewhat sore by this recital, but in most of the stories and comments I listened to in the mansion at Prince’s Gate and in my father’s Sloane Street house, I was moved far more to merriment and interest than to anything approaching annoyance; and I saw more clearly than ever before that the art of diplomacy lay not merely in veiling the truth, but in setting up an untruth in place thereof; and further, that the greatest diplomatists appeared to be those who deceived themselves far more than they deceived others, and that the ostrich, who looks to hide himself by burying his own eyes in the sand, must be the greatest of all diplomatists that live.

During one of my first visits with Sheikh Abd el Majeed to the mansion near Prince’s Gate I made the acquaintance there of a young gentleman fresh from the University of Oxford, whose name was Jones, and whose nature seemed equally stereotyped, conventional, and innocently respectable. What he was doing in that galley I was never quite able to understand; but I gathered that he was a sort of third cousin to one of the gentlemen attached to our embassy in Morocco, and that he cherished mild hopes of one day entering the diplomatic service himself, a career for which I ventured to think that his bland pre-occupation with the purely unpractical affairs of life fitted him to admiration. I never met a young gentleman who so exactly resembled a character in some agreeable and fantastic comedy or story, rather than a flesh and blood personage in this busy, striving, work-a-day world of ours.

His innocence regarding the Oriental character was most marked and his interest in the affairs of the Mission was, like his complexion, singularly fresh, unstained, and pleasing. And that is really all I know about Mr. Jones, beyond the fact that he hired a Court dress for four guineas from a Jew in Covent Garden, in order that he might appear at Court in the train of Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, and that in the course of conversation he generally made pleasant and innocent remarks which bore in some way either upon cricket, photography, or the 'Varsity.

The morning of the Mission's first reception at the Court of St. James's was a truly great occasion for my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed. As a relative of Sidi Abd er Rahman's he accompanied the Mission, whilst I settled myself with a cigar and a novel in the Prince's Gate mansion, to await the return of my Moorish friends, and hear their account of their brave doings. Mr. Jones was among the European attendants upon the Mission, resplendent in his Covent Garden costume, though a little nervous I fancied with regard to the proper disposition of his nickel-plated sword. He seemed to be greatly inspirited by my assuring him that he looked 'ripping.' I chose the adjective with forethought, and I think it served its turn.

Scarcely had the Mission departed in the three coaches from the Royal stables, which had come to convey them, than one of the footmen attached to the mansion presented me with the card of a gentleman who described himself as a 'Photographic Artist,' in handsome Old English lettering, and said that he had come by appointment with the head of the Mission to take portraits of the Moorish ambassador and his suite on their return from audience at the Palace. I requested the footman to show this Mr. Gerald Montgomery into the morning room where I then sat over my novel, and prepared to entertain him pending the return of the Mission.

Mr. Montgomery proved to be a gentleman whose artistic temperament displayed itself conspicuously in the fashion of his neck-tie, a truly æsthetic piece of drapery, in the arrangement of his glossy and plenteous locks, and in the almost effusive graciousness of his general demeanour. He carried a camera and other photographic impedimenta with him, and was attired most elegantly in clothes which I am assured must have been obtained from the most expensive quarter of Bond Street. In conversation I found him what my grandmother would have called an agree-

able rattle; and, putting aside what seemed to me an excessive devotion to the use of strong perfumes, and a rather nervous alertness in manner, both of which peculiarities I connected in some way with his artistic temperament, I am bound to say that I found Mr. Montgomery as pleasant a person to pass the time of day with as you would meet in a day's march.

It was upon the return of the Mission from their presentation at Court that Mr. Montgomery's habits of nervousness and the manipulation of a strongly scented handkerchief became most strongly marked. But, to be sure, they were not the sort of peculiarities at which a man takes umbrage, and for my part I was moved to friendly sympathy with the Photographic Artist in his trepidation among the exalted foreigners, the more so when I overheard old Sidi Abd er Rahman growling in his beard, after I had introduced Mr. Montgomery, something to the effect that—

'The Kaffir, son of a burnt Kaffir, has no right here among the Faithful. He plagued me with his letters, but I did not truly say that he might come here.'

Out of sheer good-nature, I assured the old Moor that upon this occasion, when himself and his suite presented so imposing an appearance, it would be a thousand pities not to have some permanent record of their magnificence. As a fact, I think my appeal to his vanity won over Abd er Rahman and gained the day for the Photographic Artist. The ambassador had a fancy for a picture of himself robed more splendidly than he would ever be in his own land, where the Koranic injunctions regarding display of finery and the like are very strictly followed by all classes. About his neck was a fine rope of pearls, and in one side of his ample turban was stuck a magnificent aigrette of diamonds and emeralds, lent him for this one occasion by his royal master, to whom it had been presented by a great Indian rajah who once made pilgrimage to the shrine of Moulai Idrees, in Fez.

Mr. Montgomery floridly bowed his most graceful acknowledgments of my efforts to further his cause, and it was arranged that he should first take a picture of Sidi Abd er Rahman, the ambassador, alone, and then one of the whole Mission. So now all our energies were bent upon the task of arranging a becoming pose for his Excellency, to which end a sort of throne was prepared from a number of cushions, a high arm-chair, and a daïs for the same to stand upon.

I suppose the now beaming and most gracious Mr. Mont-

gomery must have stepped back and forward between his velvet-covered camera and the throne of Abd er Rahman some score of times in all before he was quite satisfied regarding the pose of his Excellency's venerable person, and particularly of his massive and turbaned head.

'You will pardon the liberty,' said he, with smiling deference, as he slightly moved the be-crowned head with both his delicate hands; and, myself having interpreted the remark, his Excellency was pleased to signify his complacence. 'There! That is perfect. Exactly so, for one moment please!'

The Photographic Artist almost rushed back to the great velvet cover of his machine, and hiding himself therein, emerged after a few seconds, smiling rapturously and announcing that the operation had been eminently satisfactory.

'And now for the group,' said the rosy-cheeked Mr. Jones, who seemed to have grown quite at home in his knee-breeches and silk stockings by this time, and carried his tinkling sword with the ease of long familiarity with the air of Courts.

So we set about arranging ourselves in more or less picturesque attitudes at one end of the apartment, until brought to order by the Photographic Artist, who seemed inclined to hurry over this portion of the programme, I thought, and who said now that we should do very well as we were.

'It was only the portrait of Abd er Rahman that he was anxious to secure,' I told myself. 'And that done, he wants to get away!'

And indeed it was rather remarkable the rapidity with which Mr. Montgomery completed his arrangements in the matter of this second operation.

'That must be a deuced funny sort of a camera; I should very much like to have a look at it,' murmured Mr. Jones, over my left shoulder. 'How in the world he can focus the whole lot of us at that distance, spread out like this, I can't imagine. It must be one of Stuhpelheit's new cameras, I fancy. I must see the photographer about it before he goes. Phew! Why, by Jove, he's finished, and he never took the cap off! That's devilish odd, you know. I must cer——'

And at that moment a great shout arose from Ibn Marzuk, his Excellency's slipper-bearer.

'My Lord's crown; the eyes of light with the flowers of emerald—where are they?'

Every eye was turned upon the snowy turban of his Excellency. The magnificent aigrette no longer blazed over his right temple; the Sultan's jewels, worth a king's ransom, men said, had vanished utterly.

'To the doors!' screamed old Abd er Rahman, who no doubt had seen something of theft and thievery during his thirty years at the Court of Morocco. And to be sure it would be no joke for him, this particular loss. His Shareefian Majesty has a short way with defaulting ministers, and failing the return of his aigrette, the chances were that Sidi Abd er Rahman would enjoy small favour, but only a very painful and drawn out kind of death on his return to Sunset Land.

I, for one, was prepared to swear that the aigrette had been in its place when his Excellency returned from the presentation at Court. Its wonderful sheen and brilliance had attracted my attention, whilst the ambassador was being posed for his portrait.

There was a whispered consultation among the Moors, from which I caught a growl from the ambassador with reference to 'El Azfel,' that is, the bastinado, for the 'N'zrani,' or the Christians. Then it was announced by his Excellency's secretary that everyone present was to be searched, with the exception, of course, of the great man himself. I could think of nothing pertinent to urge against this step, though I could see that it moved my young friend Mr. Jones to very marked disgust and wrath. As for the Photographic Artist, the only other 'Nazarene' then present, he was most obliging in the matter, and, having expressed deep regret regarding this singular incident, moved his camera aside, and stood beside Mr. Jones and myself, with his hands raised above his head, like a man 'bailed up' by brigands, the better I suppose to facilitate a thorough search of his person. Certainly, I could see that this action of his commended him favourably to Sidi Abd er Rahman, though it did not appear to please Mr. Jones.

'Bai Jove!' muttered that young gentleman. 'Does he think we are a lot of bally pickpockets, or convicts, or what?'

To cut the story short, let me say that we were all very thoroughly searched, Moors and Christians alike, and never a sign of the Sultan's splendid aigrette was discovered. Anger and consternation strove for mastery in the almost livid face of the old ambassador. I gathered that he was in favour of an immediate administration of the bastinado, in the case of the Christians

present, at all events, with a view to encouraging a confession. Then my friend the Sheikh stepped forward.

'Sidi,' said he to the ambassador, 'this talk of the stick is worse than foolish, where such gentlemen as my friend for example are concerned!' He waved one hand in my direction, and I acknowledged the tribute with a bow. I have seen the bastinado administered in Sunset Land, and had no wish to prove my honesty by tasting of it myself. 'Further, Sidi, I, Abd el Majeed, would myself cut down the first man, though he were our Lord the Sultan, who should lay hands on my friend, whose bread we have all eaten. But—I would have a word with thee, privately, Sidi.'

The Sheikh drew the ambassador aside, and together they muttered for some moments, Abd er Rahman nodding his turbaned old head vigorously, as in emphatic agreement with my Sheikh's suggestions. Then the Sheikh moved forward to where a massive silver inkpot stood upon a writing-table, and raising the lid of the inkpot, paused to look about him round the room. At length his eyes fell upon Mr. Jones, who was somewhat sulkily playing with his sword, and swearing under his breath, by Jove! his favourite apparently among the gods.

With great politeness the Sheikh requested Mr. Jones to approach him, and to hold out his right hand. This the young gentleman from the University accordingly did, and into the centre of his pink right palm the Sheikh proceeded to splash a great round blob of ink, which he scooped out of the inkpot with a sort of ivory egg-spoon (a nail-cleaner, as I was afterwards informed), handed him for the purpose by one of the attendants.

His ink-blotted pink palm extended before him, Mr. Jones followed the Sheikh to the large bay window, and there halted. The Sheikh assumed a demeanour of great earnestness, and passed his extended hands several times to and fro before the young gentleman's face, commanding him at the same time to look fixedly into the little pool of ink upon his right palm. Then ensued whispered talk between the Sheikh and Mr. Jones, of which I caught only occasional phrases here and there. That Mr. Jones was now as wax in the hands of the Sheikh was apparent to the most casual observer.

'Look well! Where goes he now? Mark well the——'
I caught no more.

Suddenly the Sheikh bent forward and wiped the ink from the hand of Mr. Jones. Then he made some further movements with

his hands before the young gentleman's face and turned away. Mr. Jones shook his head, coughed, blinked once or twice, and walked slowly to my side muttering, as though this singular incident of the ink-splash had not occurred at all. 'Bai Jove! Do they take us for a lot of pickpockets, or what?'

'Gentlemen, this very regrettable incident is one which I deeply deplore.' It was the Photographic Artist who began to speak now, his manner suggesting a curious blend of extreme nervous haste and extreme deference. 'But as I am expected in the matter of three other professional engagements this morning, I fear that I must ask you to excuse me now. I—er—in fact, it is highly necessary—I would say that I really must be going without further delay.'

And the Artist gathered up his photographic oddments as he spoke. But, to his confusion, it appeared that no sort of attention was paid to the matter of his extremely polite remarks. The door-keepers fixed their regard upon the ceiling, and my friend the Sheikh was busy in a whispered conversation with his Excellency the ambassador.

'Sir!' cried the Sheikh, suddenly wheeling round upon the Photographic Artist, 'be not so hasty, I beg you. The loss we all deplore is a great one, but my Lord, his Excellency, is not a man of one jewel. Let us put it aside; and, since you have the picture of his Excellency, who is a relation of mine, I beg you will now take one of me, without delay. See, I stand!'

And my friend the Sheikh threw himself at once into a pose of really splendid defiance. Just so and not otherwise might a Moorish emperor have received an ambassadorial petitioner from the infidels in the bad old days of that sainted butcher, Moulai Ismail, of bloody but revered memory in Morocco.

To my surprise the artistic value of the picture did not seem to appeal to Mr. Montgomery. Indeed it seemed at first he would not take the portrait; so he fussed, and nervously insisted upon the value of his time, and the necessity for his immediate departure.

'You will take my portrait!' said the Sheikh quietly, but with exceeding masterfulness. And the Photographic Artist proceeded forthwith to arrange his camera in position.

'Thank you!' said he mechanically, when the operation was completed.

'And now let me see the picture,' demanded the Sheikh.

And I was surprised at the ignorance he displayed, for I had once before had occasion to explain to him that photographs require development. Mr. Montgomery naturally protested that there was as yet no picture to show.

'Natheless, I will see it,' persisted Sheikh Abd el Majeed, walking threateningly toward the camera.

'Oh, come, you know, but that's absurd,' put in Mr. Jones, advancing upon the photographer's side. 'You can't, you know, until it's developed.'

'Do you refuse?' demanded the Sheikh in stentorian tones of the now hopelessly confused Photographic Artist.

'You see, my dear sir, it is impossible to show you now, and—I really must be going. I think it is not a very good picture—indeed, that is to say—I——'

With one blow of his fist the Sheikh sent the camera flying off its stand, and before Mr. Jones, who was indignantly running to the photographer's assistance, muttering something about a 'benighted savage,' could interfere, the Sheikh had effectually smashed the machine with his foot.

'Now get me my picture,' said he, as though the breaking of the instrument made the immediate production of his portrait quite simple.

'I really cannot possibly wait—I must leave at once—I——'

The Photographic Artist showed a great deal of natural distress over the smashing of his instrument, and surprisingly little resentment, I thought, as he moved toward the door.

'Let no man leave this room!' thundered old Abd er Rahman.

So there we stood. Meantime, Mr. Jones, an ardent photographer himself, had picked up the broken camera, and was carefully examining it, with a view to determining the extent of its injuries, I supposed. Seeing this, the very embarrassed Mr. Montgomery flew to his side, and seized the fractured instrument quite jealously.

'Er—pray don't trouble!' said he, like Mr. Toots. 'It's of no consequence whatever, I assure you; it's not of the slightest consequence—er—it's not a very good camera.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Jones; 'I quite thought it must be one of Stuhpelheit's new panoramic extensions, when I saw how you managed that big group. I wish you'd let me have a look at it. What's the idea in that sort of sunken space under the back screw?'

'Oh, that is merely a flaw in—er—— But I will explain it to you at my studio with pleasure. Perhaps you will call round—I—er—I really must—er——'

The Photographic Artist was obviously very much put about. I felt quite sympathetic for him.

'Let me see that,' put in Sheikh Abd el Majeed, striding up to Mr. Montgomery. 'There I shall find my picture, perhaps.'

'Indeed, sir, I assure you that it is not possible for your picture to—er——'

'You can't possibly see it, now you've stupidly smashed the thing, you know,' said Mr. Jones, speaking with feeling for a fellow photographer, no doubt.

The Sheikh said nothing, but snatched the camera from the hands of the Photographic Artist, who, to my astonishment, turned at once and fled wildly toward one of the doors. 'He probably thinks now that he has fallen among savage cannibals, at least,' I thought, and walked after Mr. Montgomery with a view to reassuring him. Hearing a shout behind me, I turned in time to see the Sheikh slit open the recess below the camera with the point of his dagger, thus exposing his Excellency's magnificent aigrette, or rather the Sultan's, neatly ensconced in cotton-wool.

Sidi Abd er Rahman hoarsely demanded that the right hand and left foot of the Photographic Artist should at once be cut off, this being the method most approved in such circumstances in the realm of his Shareefian Majesty, Abd el Aziz. I ventured to interpose here, for already two attendants had dragged the barely conscious Mr. Montgomery to the side of his Excellency's cushions. I explained that we Britishers had a prejudice in favour of formal trial and sentence in these matters, and requested that a footman belonging to the house might at once be sent out for a police officer.

After some rather fierce discussion, in the course of which his suspense seemed to weigh very heavily upon Mr. Montgomery, this was done, and the Artist, with his wonderful camera, his flowing but disarranged neck-tie and his other belongings, was removed from our presence by a stalwart member of the Metropolitan force. We learned in the course of the week that Mr. Montgomery was one of the most expert jewel thieves in Europe, an artist, indeed, and one for whom the police were already anxiously looking in connection with another and a more successful robbery than the present one.

But I never quite got to the bottom of my Sheikh's experiment with the ink-blot in the rosy hand of young Mr. Jones. I gathered that it was the Moorish form of crystal-gazing, and the Sheikh said he had enabled Mr. Jones, by hypnotism, to see the whole theft in the ink-blot. But whatever the process, the Sheikh certainly managed the matter very ably, as we all agreed. And he now wears a very handsome silver-sheathed dagger, with a big emerald in its haft, sent him by the Sultan after the story reached Morocco.

A. J. DAWSON.

FATHER DOLLING.¹

A TRUE historian of these islands, writing, say, a hundred years hence, will hardly, I think, find any document more instructive than the *Life of Father Dolling* which has just been published by his friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Charles Osborne. An age is best known by its enthusiasms, and Dolling was no lonely enthusiast: his ideal appealed to many minds. Where he succeeded, where he failed, what was his aim, what were his means: all these questions find their answer in Mr. Osborne's book, not obscurely given.

In the first place, then, Dolling regarded himself as a missionary. That is the central fact.

The truth is (he wrote once) that through our past sins the Church of England is again a missionary Church; she has to convert the multitude as well as edify the faithful. Above all, she has the Gospel to preach to the poor, the vast majority of whom never come to Communion and very few to church. And to do this a dual kind of worship is required, the one full of stateliness and grandeur, showing how the creature may worship the Creator; the other, full of simplicity and personal directness, showing how the sorrowing, poverty-stricken, sinful, oppressed soul can speak to a Father.

There we have quite plainly Dolling's view of the end and his justification of the means by which he sought to compass it. The population of England, he held, had lapsed from the Church; where religion was kept alive among the masses, it was by Dissent. 'I thank God,' he says, speaking of his own experience in Landport, 'there were five active centres of Dissenting worship in my district alone.' And it was in part by a study of Dissenting methods that he hoped to make the Church again a Church of the people—by the 'personal directness' of extempore prayer, by the employment not only of ancient, elaborate, and beautiful formulæ of public devotion, suitable to the spiritually educated who have been taught to feel their own part in an organised community of worship, but also of intercession in such words as might need no interpretation to the untaught, seeking vaguely

¹ *The Life of Father Dolling.* By C. E. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill, Northumberland. Arnold, 1903. *Father Dolling: a Memoir.* By J. Clayton. 1902. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

after a help concerning which they knew only their need of it. Thus (as is noted by Canon Scott Holland in his introduction to Mr. Clayton's excellent little memoir) Dolling, who was condemned by many good Protestants as a Ritualist, differed sharply from all those who uphold ecclesiasticism on historic grounds, as a return to the tradition of the Anglican Church. In any true sense, his whole object was to shake off the tradition of that Church as he found it existing—the tradition which had given over the Church to a class or a caste—and to return to a Catholic, that is to an all-embracing, Christianity. He valued ritual, not as a link with the past, but as a means of operation in the present. If he had not found it existing, he would probably have invented it, and he did in point of fact enlarge its scope inventively, as when, during the Boer War, he induced Bishop Creighton to bless a Union Jack with elaborate ceremonial at S. Saviour's, Poplar; 'thus (says Mr. Osborne) linking, as Dolling believed, patriotic feeling and sane imperialism with the spiritual influence of the Church.' Elsewhere his whole purpose and that of his main associates is crystallised by Mr. Osborne into two propositions:

1. The Catholic faith must be popularised if the Church of this country is to be a thing of living souls, and not only an academic tradition existing in books. Ritualism was valued as a means of teaching by the eye.

2. The Church of Christ ought to be the main instrument for the social as well as spiritual regeneration of the people. The exclusive possession of the Church of England by certain classes of the community must be broken down if she is to be in reality as well as in name the National Church.

The historian, considering what seems to a layman the extraordinary frankness of the avowals contained in this passage, will probably recognise an explanation of it in the fact that they do not come from Englishmen (for Dolling was half Irish by birth, and Mr. Osborne is wholly Irish). Just as the sympathetic Englishman living in Ireland has, perhaps, a clearer insight into the actual state of political and social conditions than any of those who see with inherited prepossessions, so perhaps the Irishman living and working in England holds a position of intellectual detachment and does perceive things more exactly as they are. But, *per contra*, just as the sympathetic Englishman is apt in Ireland to act less effectually than a less clearsighted Irishman, so, I think, in England Dolling failed because he could not adapt himself to the conditions under which the English mind habitually works.

The Englishman's respect for law, or rather for legality, is one of the world's wonders. He is always content to let his right of

doing a thing which he believes to be unimpeachable, and perhaps even obligatory, rest upon the strained interpretation of some Act. In ordinary life, where the conflict becomes too glaring, law can be changed; but the constitution of the Anglican Church is stereotyped, and therefore practices enjoined on many as matters of conscience have to be defended by legal subtleties. Now to the Irish mind which has never been educated into this acquiescence—which is constitutionally law-breaking—such an attitude seems extremely difficult; and it was always Dolling's practice to justify what he did by his real reasons, and not by the ones which an ecclesiastical lawyer would have given. The result was that after ten years of labour in a Portsmouth slum, where he wrought a work whose spiritual and material usefulness was never questioned, and within a few months of the consecration of a great church which replaced the old mission chapel, he was forced to resign his cure of souls.

How serious the issue was may be inferred from the fact that Bishop Westcott intervened to prevent Dolling's acceptance of a living in Newcastle, and Bishop Westcott was not only broad-minded but keenly interested in social reform. And yet it seems to me evident that if Dolling had been an Englishman he would have found and acquiesced in a *modus vivendi*. Indeed, on Mr. Osborne's showing, the work inaugurated by Canon Linklater at S. Agatha's, Landport, and brought by Dolling to such a noble fulness and vitality, is carried on with full continuity of principles by the present incumbent. But Dolling had no instinct for compromise. He justified his methods by their results and by the sense of his own conscience. He had made a community of ardent communicants where before was heathendom; he had reformed thieves and drunkards; he had closed fifty brothels; he was making the Church a living power for good where before its name was hardly known; and if in doing so he had departed from either the letter or the intention of a Prayer-book framed three centuries earlier, that seemed to him to prove a need of change, not in his methods, but in the formularies.

Probably (says Mr. Osborne) the Bishop (of Winchester, now the Primate) and he were thinking, as it were, on different planes. No doubt the authorities of the Church did not realise Dolling's intense conviction that to be tied down by the Acts of Uniformity to exact obedience to Prayer-book rubrics would be for him to lose all the vitality and elasticity of methods already apparently most wonderfully blessed during his ten years at S. Agatha's, and especially to sacrifice their missionary character.

Probably the racial difference of temperament counted for a great deal in this misunderstanding—which not merely removed Dolling from a sphere of work at S. Agatha's that 'fitted him like his clothes,' but actually left him for a matter of two years without employment in the English Church, and all but gave him to America. The offer of S. Saviour's, Poplar, came only just in time to anticipate his acceptance of the offered charge of a new Anglican cathedral in Chicago. There is doubtless no man indispensable; but it was not a light thing for the bishops to sacrifice two years' use of such an instrument of good as Dolling had shown himself to be—and two years moreover, as it proved, of a very brief remaining span. Nor was the loss a loss merely: there was positive damage inflicted by the spectacle of such a man going up and down through the country, preaching to crowded audiences, and carrying everywhere with him the unspoken moral that such a life as his brought with it ostracism from the organised life of the Anglican priesthood.

It seemed doubtless to many, as it seemed to himself in at least one recorded moment of irritation, that the object was to drive him into the Roman communion. And yet the difficulty for the bishops was all the more difficult, just by reason of those qualities which made it impossible for Dolling ever to become a Roman Catholic. He was in truth at heart very much of a non-conformist, and would never, like S. Peter Claver, have abandoned his good works at the bidding of any church, and fallen into the simple performance of prescribed duties. If he could not work by the means which seemed to him most efficacious, he would not work; the principle of freedom in these matters was to him one for which a sacrifice even of usefulness must be made; and that is the spirit of nonconformity. He would have argued, doubtless, that an authority which permits many of the clergy to omit duties enjoined in the rubrics had no occasion to inhibit him because he performed services over and above those which are so enjoined; but it was always open to the bishops to answer, as they did, that the spirit of discipline is the first essential of a Church—more essential, for instance, than enthusiasm.

And in the end the English Church justified again its title to be held national by a new exhibition of the spirit of compromise. Dolling, excluded from one diocese, was admitted on his own terms in another; the practices which had been forbidden at Landport were permitted at Poplar. The spirit of such proceed-

ings transcends logic; it is that inclusiveness, that power of reconciling black and white, which distinguishes the British Constitution. Or, to put it in a slightly different form, the man of strong personality and convictions beat the system, as he always does in England; but the system impeded him quite sufficiently to discourage others from a rash imitation.

It would be wrong to conclude that in such conflicts those who represent the system do not feel suffering. Dolling, in his fight for a nonconformist Catholicism, doubtless inflicted deep wounds upon many good men. But one is tempted to lose sight of this aspect of the question in the contemplation of a tragedy, which only Dolling's true Christianity saved from blackness and bitterness. I do not think this an exaggerated method of statement. Consider for a moment the facts. Here was a man who, if ever any did so, obeyed a vocation. The son of an Irish land-agent, brought up among a peasantry most of whom belonged to the Orange Society, he was reared among surroundings as little proper as could be found to prepossess the mind towards any Catholic form of worship; and let it be noted that the ties which bound him to his father and the Protestant peasantry were of the closest and most affectionate—so close that in later life, when the prospect of his appearing at a Church Conference in Derry raised a storm through the Irish Protestant community, he was still welcome and more than welcome in the old church where he and his family had prayed together in his boyhood, and from whose pulpit he now told the congregation that 'he loved every tree in the grove, every flower in the fields, and every stone in the streets of Kilrea.' Yet even out of this close-knit community of Protestant worshippers, where already in boyhood he was active in organising devotion and good works by classes, library, and boys' clubs, he was drawn at Harrow and at Cambridge by the attractions of Anglican ritualism.

So evident was the bias that, when he grew up, his father opposed his inclination to take orders; Dolling himself was moved to agree 'by the thought that he could do more good as a layman, especially with young men, as so many of the latter are "shy" of the clergy.' Accordingly as a layman he worked for some years, following his father's profession of land-agency with tact and success in difficult times, but more and more drawn to the great centres of religious need. Finding a nucleus for

work in the club for London postmen started by the Rev. A. H. Stanton of S. Alban's, Holborn, he threw himself into the movement which leagued the causes of ritualism and social reform. Here it was that he earned his nickname 'Brother Bob,' by which he seems to have been familiar to many waifs out of London's wreckage, who knew him by no other title. There were years of this work, during which he transacted the business of his own property and his agency from London; till at last, when he was turned of thirty, with the fullest knowledge of what he was doing, he decided to take orders.

Nor was there the least doubt as to his sphere of work; after a brief period of study at Salisbury Training College (where his occupation lay less in reading than in work among the local slums) he was ordained to a country curacy on the understanding that he should be free to work as a missionary deacon in East London. Then followed two years in which he had sole charge of a district in Stepney—called by him S. Martin's Mission; and here a building, part chapel, part club-room, was made a centre of spiritual and social intercourse for 'men and women who had first been gathered in off the streets or from the neighbouring houses, having never known what Church of England worship was like of any description.' To these people Dolling became a friend, a helper, a companion, a controlling influence; to them he 'preached Christ' (said a Dissenter) 'in a way I have never heard before and hardly ever expect to hear again.' Here also, as everywhere, he gathered about him a band of devoted helpers, both men and women—his own sisters chief among them; yet here, too, he ran counter to discipline. Once ordained priest, he hoped that his mission district might be made into a parish, for the working of which he would raise the money, and of which he should have responsible control. But the late Primate, then Bishop of London, refused to make any exception, and would concede him nothing beyond the status of an ordinary curate; nor was there room found anywhere in East London for Dolling and his group of workers when they departed from Stepney.

The new opening offered itself to him in the Winchester College Mission at Landport, inaugurated under Dr. Linklater in 1882. Here, in September 1885, Dolling took up the main and typical work of his life. At the first afternoon children's service, two boys lighted their pipes and began to

smoke. The missionary caught them by the neck and ran them out, knocking their heads together; but their mothers swiftly appeared, voluble in profanity, and the service had to be closed. Dolling returned home, followed to his lodgings 'by a kind of procession, headed by the two ladies.' That, he says, was his first procession. Ten years later he and his congregation, with the Bishop of Southwell and a great assembly of clergy, moved out in solemn state from the old mission church to the new and beautiful S. Agatha's, for the first celebration in the great basilican church, then formally opened; and they passed through the squalid streets among reverent multitudes. Within a few weeks after the opening of this church, Dolling's resignation was sent in—it surely requires little imagination to conceive with what bitterness of soul.

The situation is finely phrased by his lifelong friend, Father Tyrrell, S.J., in a message written at the time:

God allows you to build the fibre of your brain, the blood of your heart, into a temple for His glory, and then with one breath of His nostril overturns it, that He may see whether you will bear this also.

Yet to the layman this suggestion of a special divine intervention for the purpose of individual discipline seems less simple, and perhaps less impressive, than the perception that good men have to bear not with the bad only but with the good also; and that the hardest trials come, not when right conflicts with evident wrong, but when one righteousness conflicts with another. It was doubtless specially hard for Dolling to understand how he could be taken as a danger to the Anglican Church, knowing as he well knew how clear he was of any disposition to go over to Rome, and knowing also that whatever he did had been open and above-board, never (in one of Mr. Osborne's brilliant phrases) 'secretly sinister.' Conscious only of his aim, he was boldly prompt to borrow whatever means seemed to forward it, whether from Rome or from the Salvation Army; but, wherever he might borrow from, his perfect loyalty seemed so clear, so proven in good work, that he must have found it hard indeed to justify the newly-appointed bishop's authoritative intervention. And yet, although the issue which divided him from his diocesan so that he was forced, not to disobey but to resign, seems to a lay mind unspeakably trifling; although it may fairly be said that he was put out of his mission because, not content with helping the living, he wanted to maintain a special ritual prayer for the dead also; one cannot ignore the

grave problem that was pressed by him upon a bishop bound to oversee, bound to enforce a discipline.

The historian only can judge Dolling adequately, for Dolling's whole line of conduct rested on an interpretation, not of ecclesiastical tradition, but of contemporary fact. Episcopal reprimand, and even prohibition, was brought down upon him by practices which were held to diminish the doctrinal barrier which separates the Anglican communion from that of Rome. To Dolling this danger seemed wholly phantasmal. He realised probably that England, broadly speaking, is divided from Rome for ever by prejudices and instincts in the very blood and bone of the people; and in any case he believed, and did not hesitate to say, that the true danger for England was not perversion of belief but a total loss of religion. The slackening of protest against ritualism and what are called Romanising practices he attributed, not to an increasing inclination towards Rome, but to a breaking up of religion.

The religious instinct is not there. . . . We live here without God: that is, by far the greater majority of our people do not pray, do not read their Bibles, do not come to church, far less frequent the Sacraments, and live, as a rule, altogether unconscious of the supernatural.

That was Dolling's reading of the situation; that was to him the true crisis that lay before the Church to face.

Inseparable from his perception of religious decay was his conviction that the whole social order was unjust and oppressive; that the workers were sweated, and forced into a way of life which could only result in rapidly multiplying degeneracy; that riches were dangerously concentrated. He was an advocate of every measure of Radical reform, up to land nationalisation; he did not fear to take part in political struggles, and helped probably more than any one to put in Liberal representatives for Portsmouth. But for the evils of society he believed really in only one cure, and that was religion. Religion, to his mind, embraced the secular as well as the spiritual, and nothing was more characteristic than his holding of a meeting in his church at Poplar to protest against the water company which paid its shareholders seven per cent. and supplied water to the East End in a sultry summer for only six hours in the day. If religion were a reality, a social and spiritual force, such things, Dolling held, could not be; they multiplied themselves because religion was daily losing its hold on the national existence. He spent his life in inculcating the religion whose efficacy he so fully

believed in ; he kept open house, giving food and shelter to those who needed it, transacting his endless business in crowded and noisy rooms, taking no thought for the morrow ; squandering his reserve of strength so rapidly that when he died at fifty his body (I have been told) had been changed from its burly nature till it looked like the frame of a man of eighty. And yet for such a worker place was with difficulty found in the Church of England ; so dangerous were his methods reputed even by those who did not deny their efficacy for good.

It must be allowed that those who desire to maintain the existing order in the Church of England had no reason to view him with approbation. The Establishment had no friend in him. He had little tolerance (as is plainly shown by one of the many remarkable articles contributed to *The Pilot* and reprinted by Mr. Osborne) for the theory which insists on the importance of a public school and university training—on the maintenance of the clergy definitively in the upper social class. Vocation was to his mind the essential, and enthusiasm by far more important than refinement, in a priest. If, then, the historian finds at the end of a century that the Church of England has successfully maintained the Establishment, and with it has widened and deepened its grip on the mass of Englishmen ; if history pronounces the bishops to have been justified in their habitual caution by at least an absence of losses ; if the noble decorum of a priesthood which never eats with its knife, or drops its aspirates, approves itself continuously an example potent for good rather than the symbol of a great gulf fixed between priest and people—then undoubtedly the historian will at most find space to write of Dolling that he was a man whose wrong-headed convictions and self-willed vagaries were atoned for by the beautiful influence of his sympathetic nature. On the other hand, it is at least possible that a student of this period may perceive in Dolling one man who saw clearly in his lifetime that before the English Church lay a great duty and a great opportunity, and who for his own part fulfilled that duty and used that opportunity, not without hindrance from his superiors ; and may be impelled to note him, either as the pioneer of a great spiritual revival, or as the belated Quixote of a lost cause.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG WRITER.

OF the undue number of English novelists who have lately left us, the writer of these letters was hardly, perhaps, as he would have put it, 'at the top of the class:' that, however, is not the reason for their appearance here as the only anonymous letters that he ever wrote. His name was neither Payn nor Blackmore; but the kindest of Editors was not kinder to the literary neophyte, nor the invisible author of 'Lorna Doone' a more determined recluse; and here in two household words you have the only excuse for this little paper, and more especially for its inner anonymity. 'It would be like uncovering one's nakedness,' its subject once said of an operation distinctly painless to the average author; and once he wrote, with meaning enough beneath the undertaker's humour which it amused him to affect: 'It is not held to be good taste to laugh at a corpse while the corpse is warm. You may laugh your fill at the corpse of, say, Julius Cæsar or William the Conqueror or Guy Fawkes. But the newly dead have tender skins.' Nothing was ever tenderer than the writer's own skin, except his heart, and his sensitive consideration for the feelings of other people. He had, however, quite a morbid horror of personal publicity—but one too genuine and innate to be disregarded in the publication of these letters, and snatches of letters, to a literary youth who came his way.

In those days one was more youthful than literary; hence a first intrusion, armed with letter of introduction, in the middle of the sacred working morning. Yet to me at least the interview that followed was a memorable one. It was my first impact with a live author, and the live author's first words were to ask me whether I had ever written an epic poem. I remember feeling much ashamed to say that I had not. 'Thank God!' devoutly ejaculated my host. 'It generally takes 'em that way first. But *now* you may sit down and smoke.' I am afraid I had, however, a manuscript story and a set of verses concealed about my person. Neither in the event was ever printed, or fit to print, yet the advice given after no more than a glance at each was indirectly invaluable; indeed, it included the name of a paper which published (and paid for) verses almost as bad as the specimen set,

and from which, in fact, I derived a miniature income for many years. Nor did this literary Samaritan stop at off-hand 'tips;' he actually undertook to read the next attempt (he read ever so many), and to treat it 'like Latin exercises.' Here is an extract from one of the letters without which the cylindrical packet never returned from its trial-trip to the novelist's study :

Remember, the way to get briskness into style is to cut down verbiage and avoid sounding periods. Sounding periods went out with flourishes in hand-writing, and were always pestiferous.

Another :

You use the word 'aggravation' as though you did not know the meaning of it. You know the meaning of the word as well as any man alive. This is the act of a low profligate.

Yet another, in strong terms :

But how about that ball? There is a long description of a ball, and in the long description there is nothing new except when she asks him to dance with her. But by God you are not justified in describing the band!

A longer extract, when a story had been printed in a well-known magazine, but paid for at half-a-crown the page :

I have told you all along you would have to plod on as if you had opened a new shop. You are not succeeding to an old and prosperous business. No man in journalism or literature can so succeed. The money value of anything you write now is exactly the value it intrinsically is to the paper or magazine that uses it. The trouble you take with a thing is no consideration of the man who buys it. He has only to think of the money value of it to him. How much do you think your story was worth to — ? Do you think it sold any additional copies of the magazine, or improved its position as a publisher's property or advertising vehicle? On the other hand do you think your position has not been financially improved by the appearance of your story with your name in one of the leading shilling magazines of light literature? I do not care whether you are or are not angry with me for putting this matter plainly. I do care that you should not be discouraged by what I have said. You must not lose your head either in success or disappointment. Every art requires a long apprenticeship. If you allow the commercial aspect of your art to press too heavily upon you, the art will be injured. . .

All very trite and very obvious, no doubt, to the practised writer, born or made; but to the lad of twenty-one who knew nothing at all about it, what golden words! And be it remembered that a professional writer's words are in truth so much gold, or silver, from his own professional point of view; yet here was one, a hard labourer for wife and home and family, in days when the hire was not quite what it is to-day; here was one who lavished

his wisdom and his wit upon a youth of no particular promise, with certainly no kind of claim upon his time or thoughts. One hesitates, indeed, to beg a question of humour (always a matter of opinion) by arbitrary use of that word; but in many of the letters there is at least a strain of irresponsible and spontaneous gaiety, the first-fruits of those moments of intellectual elation which every writer knows. This in the small hours, for example, at the close of a farrago of engaging rubbish and sound criticism:

I have been writing humorous stuff the whole night through, so you may imagine what a relief it is to get a chance of a good, square, solid, sensible chat like this. It pulls a man together after long dalliance with Momus. I feel much better already. If that young creature on the ——— has a nice sister, marry her. It is your duty to marry a sub-editor's sister or mother.

A whole letter in this strain, answering a humble query as to where to get and how much to pay for a gas-stove like unto the one in the great man's den:

My dear Youth,—There are only three classes of people now in England: those who have bad colds, those who are seriously ill, and those who are dead. I am sincerely glad to hear you are among the first. Be very careful to keep that cold, or you must either fall seriously ill or become dead.

My gas-stove cost me 19s., this being 15s. for the fittings and plumbing, and 4s. for the (so-called) asbestos. Your talk about going to town respecting the gas-stove is alarming. Do you want to convulse the City? Do you think the Stove will affect the Tin or Copper Corner? If so, you are wrong, for neither of these precious metals enters into the composition of The Stove. . . You ought to 'bear' the gas-stoves of the ——— Company before you start The Stove, then announce that The Stove has been connected with the ——— Company's mains and is in full blast, 'bull' the stock, get out soon, and there you are! You can then *buy* a house in Park Lane and the Island of Lewis for a deer forest, and marry one of the Princesses of Wales (the nicest of course). I can't give you any better advice.

Where I shall be on Monday I really don't know. If you come across any funerals, ask to see the breast plate; if you are passing by Newgate (in search of The Stove) inquire for me there. If I am at all likely to be at home, and free, I'll let you know Monday morning. I have not been able to forecast my future for some time, nor am I able now. I am not writing anything destined for immortality. Immortality doesn't pay in this life. It may be all right in the next. Sufficient unto the day, &c.

Yours, asbestos or aswustos,

There was one thing about this humourist's humour; it was quite unpremeditated. Its many surprises, in conversation at all events, were obviously the greatest surprise to the man himself. We listened for his good things; he never laid himself out to say them, or paused to polish or perfect before committing the good thing to words. Out it came, and his laugh on top of it, as

utterly spontaneous as its cause. One would come up to town to consult him on a variety of points, noted down in the train, say on an envelope, for ready reference during the evening. 'Is that a police description?' he suddenly inquired on one of these occasions. 'The weather is very hot,' he wrote one summer; 'we buy our candles by the pint.' Once he spoke of emerging from a wilful and unnecessary retirement, and seeing something more of the world; he would begin by being measured for a new suit of clothes, if indeed he could bring himself to face that preliminary ordeal. 'I may lash out like a young colt! They'd better measure me with a theodolite!' Somebody contemplated matrimony, but happened also to confess that he had given five guineas for his overcoat. 'Ah!' said our friend, 'your next will cost twenty-five shillings; and you'll be very glad to cut a little pair of trousers out of this one.'

He wrote an occasional story for these pages, and used to say that he always called a family gathering to decipher James Payn's verdict. I remember one of them being accepted—'though rather sensational for the *Cornhill*'—and, perhaps for this reason, remaining unpublished for a year or two. But when the contributor wrote suggesting that he should supply the magazine with 'a glossary and a list of the words which have become obsolete since the story was written,' none who knew Mr. Payn will be surprised to hear that it was published at once. Some years later I had a little success of my own in this quarter. The occasion produced a characteristic note:

My dear Youth,—Whenever I hear the name of James Payn spoken in future I shall take off my hat to him.

If ever I hear you utter words not in the highest eulogy of James Payn when you speak his name I shall take off my coat to you.

Now you ought to begin to study Sanscrit, so that you may be kept humble by failure and the feeling that there may be other things to think of besides English fiction. Take a turn at land-surveying, and commit to memory one weekly number of — — —, learning it backwards. Remember, the only merit in your story is the fairly good spelling. Finally, come see me (preceded by a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. card) and I'll knock any conceit remaining in you out of you. When all this is done I'll tell you that I am greatly delighted at your success.

Yours sincerely,

At last it came to a book. And there may exist manlier, sounder, and wiser letters, to a very young man, about his very first book; but, if the praise be preposterous (as it always was when there was aught to praise at all), I can only say that I for

one have still to see the equal of this letter, in all the circumstances of such a case :

My dear —, —(You are no longer a youth. A person who has published a book is an adult felon.)

I got your note and 'The —.' I prefer 'The —' to your note or yourself. I have read all the book and I think very highly of it indeed. The last scene between the two brothers is as good as anyone need do. The end (if I may make a bull, to show how Irish the Irish are sometimes, to be sure) has the buoyancy of the dying fall of a good sonnet. There are no ten lines to which I can point as acute proofs of genius. But genius is cumulative as well as of quick action. I think the whole story gives us reason to suspect genius is in the air, if we are to stop short of saying, 'Lo, here is the light every man knows of, but no man ever saw before.' Observe, I am paying you the compliment of assuming you are taking the other side. If you say, 'Of course there is genius in the book,' I should tell you in few but powerful words what I thought of you and the book. Anyway, my mind now is that we may (between you and me) have a shy suspicion that genius is in the clouds, and might be drawn down from them. Talking of clouds reminds me of reviews. I want to caution you against being unduly depressed by bad notices. I saw the — notice to-day. You cannot too soon steel yourself against being broken-hearted by such a notice. It is of course far harder to bear than fair stand-up hammering. For it has the half-truth which, as you know, is the most galling lie. Whenever you want to know how really bad your stuff is, ask me, and I'll open your eyes and your veins too. But you are to ask me only once a year, the first time twelve months hence. In the meantime don't pay the slightest attention to anyone who tells you you are pretty good, or that you have not done very badly. You have gone into action, Sir ; it may be your fate to sink or to swim ; but it can never be your degradation to strike. Die on the last plank and be damned to you, or come into port with your ensign flying, mast high.

Yours sincerely,

'I hear your friends are papering their walls with my letters,' he said, on learning indirectly that another novelist had been so struck with the last sentence as to pin it up on his study wall. But I find a passage in a later letter which might be illuminated and distributed as a text or maxim for writers young and old :—

Don't lay yourself out to be smart. Don't write against any demi-god or set. Don't write for any demi-god or set. Don't write to vex or to please any mere mortals. Write just to make yourself cry and laugh and swear. Write large, so that the Muse, who is distant, may read. Remember, if you write large enough for her to read, no one who is less high than Heaven can fail to see.

WRITE JUST TO MAKE YOURSELF CRY AND LAUGH AND SWEAR !

I could have it carved along my desk, counsel of perfection though it be ! In practical matters, however, more particularly anent the irritations and indignities of the market-place, of which one may be trusted to have made too much, the advice in these letters is equally sensible and sound. 'What is the good of being

rude?' I find in one. 'No one will pay you for it.' No one paid this literal 'literary adviser,' even in kind, for the unerring guidance which he never grudged. Here is a note in which the light of experience would seem to have been badly needed, and to have burnt a characteristic flame :

I am sure I find it very hard to advise you, for I find it impossible to know exactly what you want. If you say to — 'You must publish the story this year,' I'm sure he won't. Language of that exceedingly powerful kind is not now employed to anyone more than seven months old. Living men do not use such words nowadays. They kill one another first, and slang one another afterwards in the freer costumes and manners of Hell.

Naturally, one's people had long been eager to behold the writer of all these letters. Years had passed, but they had never looked upon his face. Verbal invitations had been parried or ignored ; at last one was sent in black and white, but it in turn failed to tempt the hermit from his cell.

Fortunately I had read — for September before your note came, and saw at once through your odious design. You wanted to inveigle us into a Garden Party! Judged by your extremely clever description and estimate of this soul-destroying rite, could anything be more infamous than your invitation? You wanted to get me down to your own ground, and there take summary vengeance on me for all my sins of commission and omission against you! If I could believe a word of your abominable inventions about your mother, I should be bound to thank her in the most sincere manner for her very kind intentions respecting us, and her courteous invitation. But the whole thing was a huge 'plant' of yours, and to the sin of trying to wreck the happiness of the elders of this house you have added the still more heinous offence of pretending that your mother was a party to your nefarious scheme! But I would have you know I am not to be taken in by such a puerile dodge. You will have to think of something subtler before you find *me* in flannels on your lawn.

The later letters are chiefly remarkable for such extravagance in praise as an instructor is apt to bestow upon a pupil. That the critic could still criticise, however, will be seen from the following extract from a detailed commentary upon a sufficiently bad short story:—

p. 26. 'Splendide mendax.' Is this the point of the story at which to quote Latin? And is this the Latin to quote? Wouldn't 'O great soul!' in English be better than 'Splendide mendax' in Latin? Damn it, wouldn't it be better to praise the girl, or sub-praise her, or blame her, than to stand away from her in her trouble, and expound what she had done; pointing out what she had done with a pointer, and reading out a description from a Delectus?

One is not likely to repeat a banality who has once been forced to join in so hearty a laugh against himself and it; but that was the way of this veritable guide, philosopher, and friend: a critic as keen as he was gentle, who never let a bad fault pass, and

would eradicate all but the ineradicable without leaving the least little wound behind. And it is not the hardest thing in the world to wound a would-be writer who is also young: where the past practitioner erred, in this case, was, as has been indicated, in the opposite direction. When a thing seemed good to him, as to most of his tribe, it seemed 'very good indeed,' although the rest of the rhyme did not apply as closely as it usually does. No doubt he was only too ready to see a glimmer of that 'light that no man ever saw' in the 'stuff' which he had done so much to make presentable. But if the last letter does least credit to his head, his heart at all events will not suffer from its inclusion. A few pages in a magazine had appealed to him as they can scarcely have done to anybody else, and down he must have sat in his generous infatuation, for this is what came by next morning's post:—

My dear Artist,—I have just read '———'

I lose bearings of you. I do not know definitely where you are heading; but I am certain it is towards some enchanted Ægean Sea. In the story I see nothing that is not a part of perfection. The artistic necessity within yourself will compel you to do better. I am curious to see what the better will be like. At present I cannot fancy anything better; but my faith in you is so strong I know you will show me what that better is. This note is not a fleam of criticism, or a note of encouragement, or a word of praise; but only a little hymn of selfish gratitude for the delight of your story and of hope and expectation.

As extravagant as you please, as exaggerated, as absurd; but how dear an absurdity to the young writer's heart, how sweet to his eyes, how humbling and yet how bracing too! Who does not like his praise spread thick? And who is not the better for it, once in a way, above all in early days? *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Believe in a man and he is bound to believe a little in himself; but what can be said of the man who believed in one before one was a man oneself, before anybody else dreamt of doing so? Nothing, for he is dead and gone and cannot hear, nor ever know. But I like to think of him on those enchanted seas of his, overhauled by an Argosy laden with his own letters, dashed off and forgotten when he was here; for he will be the first to appreciate them, spontaneously and impersonally as of old, and I can almost hear him laugh.

NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.

MAZZINI.

OF the Men of the Revolution, Giuseppe Mazzini was the noblest, the purest, the most idealistic, the most loftily ineffectual. An enthusiast, a dreamer, and a kind of sentimental mystic, he lived for great causes which he did little to advance, and for high aims which he did something to impede. His life of exile, privation, and disappointment was a sacrifice on the altar of Italian nationality and the Utopian Republic. The latter is as far away as ever; the former was consummated, not because of Mazzini, but in spite of him. No wonder that to the men and women of this generation the figure of the Genoese patriot, the founder of Young Italy, at once conspirator and prophet, floats rather dimly in the mid-century mists. Perhaps the excellent biography recently written by the accomplished English historian of the Italian Liberation¹ may revive interest in a singular career, which at one time was much before the eyes of our countrymen. Mr. King's pages will enable us in some measure to understand why so many Englishmen and Englishwomen in the 'fifties and 'sixties, and those not the least worthy of their generation, regarded Mazzini with admiration and affection.

Mazzini was a man with a personality. His acts were writ in water. His criticisms, his lay sermons, and political pamphlets, are almost forgotten, nor can it be discovered that they ever produced more than an ephemeral effect. But he impressed his contemporaries by the depth and intensity of his character, by the vivid and shining faith that was in him. If Garibaldi was the soldier of the European Revolution, and Kossuth its orator, Mazzini was its seer and its saint. From the shabby London lodgings in which he wrote and talked and conspired, there radiated an influence that told powerfully upon many men in all countries. The finer souls of Radicalism and Republicanism *felt* Mazzini keenly. He was 'the true teacher of our age,' said Arnold Toynbee, himself an ideal theorist. Toynbee's sagacious mentor, Jowett,

¹ *Mazzini*. By Bolton King, M.A. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

considered him with more reserve. The professor and the patriot had a characteristic interview. Mazzini talked volubly for two hours. The Master of Balliol listened, and said no word, and made a careful mental estimate of the eloquent Italian. He thought him 'too much under the influence of two abstract ideas, God and the principle of Nationality,' but 'a very noble character,' with a genius 'far beyond that of ordinary statesmen.' To many, who had small sympathy with his political views, as for instance the Carlyles, he appealed by his nobility and earnestness. He had the spiritual insight that moves and touches, the 'vision and the faculty,' inspired, if not exactly divine. Mr. King is justified in claiming for him a place among Cromwell's 'Men of the Spirit.'

Enthusiasm and faith are, however, not always combined, as they were in Cromwell, with practical capacity and a grasp of realities. Mazzini was by nature a visionary; and circumstances cast him in a part for which he was not in the smallest degree fitted. His place was in the study, or perhaps the pulpit, and he was much better adapted to discuss general principles than to deal with affairs. The literary man, when he comes to business, usually bungles it. Mazzini was never able to grasp the true significance of facts, or to appreciate the real importance and relations of events. He had the intense subjectivity which goes with the poetic temperament; and like other persons of his type he showed throughout his career little trace of intellectual growth. He started life with a budget of theoretical opinions, largely, though perhaps unconsciously, derived from the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and these remained with him to the end. The impressions of his youth and boyhood, coloured and darkened by the gloomy revival of repressive despotism, which followed the Napoleonic ferment, never left him. His Humanitarianism and Republicanism were in revolt against the narrow tyrannies of the Metternich era, long after the old *régime* had fallen, and Austria itself had become a constitutional State.

He was born at Genoa in the summer of 1805, just four months before the Battle of Trafalgar. His father was a medical man of some distinction, a theoretical republican, and a practical philanthropist; his mother, a clever and accomplished woman, was passionately devoted to the cause of Italian unity, and idolised by her son, whom she assisted and encouraged through a great part of his troubled existence. Piedmont, in his boyish years, was a

hot-bed of secret conspiracy and unsuccessful revolution. Young Mazzini was intended first for the medical profession and then for the law; but he made no progress in either study, and was much more interested in the doings of the *Carbonari* and the insurgent 'Liberals,' than in his lectures and classes. The collapse of the Piedmontese revolt of 1820 and 1821 struck iron into his soul. He put on mourning for his country, and went about, like Hamlet, in an 'inky cloak' to the end of his life. He read German philosophy, and French romance, and above all Byron and Alfieri; and before he was one-and-twenty he was well in with the group of young men who divided their time between literature and secret conspiracy. He wrote for such journals as were allowed to escape the censorship, and was admitted to the Society of the *Carbonari*, though he found its melodramatic mummery rather ridiculous. All this in due course brought him to the notice of the Piedmontese Government. He was arrested on the charge of belonging to a secret society, and confined for two years in the fortress of Savona, with only the blue sea and sky to look at through the grated window of his prison cell. Nothing of a very serious nature was known against him; but the authorities felt that he was a young man who needed surveillance. The Governor of Genoa told his father that he was too fond of walking about alone, absorbed in meditation. 'What on earth,' said this vigilant agent of a paternal government, 'has he to think about at his age? We do not like young people to think, unless we know the subject of their thoughts.' The charge of taking part in a *Carbonaro* initiation broke down at the trial, and Mazzini was released, but ordered by the administration to quit the country. He went to Lyons, where there was already a considerable colony of Italian exiles; and so, at the age of twenty-six, began the career of wandering, and literary propagandism, and mostly ineffective intrigue, which occupied him for the remainder of his life.

The story is a long one, and the details may be read in Mr. Bolton King's book, or in the sympathetic memoir, which one of Mazzini's English friends, Mrs. Ashurst Venturi, published soon after his death. It is a tangled skein, and Mazzini's part in it was sometimes confusing. He was more or less closely involved in the raids, the risings, the desultory guerrilla campaigns, the rebellions and revolutions, through which Italy had to pass before the 'geographical expression' became a nation. It cannot honestly be

said that the net result of all this effort was really considerable. For the most part of his life, Mazzini was engaged in spinning ropes of sand. He might have known that Italy could not be liberated by popular *éméutes*, or by the smuggling of surreptitious muskets. A great military Power, with its grip upon the fortresses and the strategic points, was not to be expelled in this amateurish fashion. Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, the two shrewd statesmen who really made United Italy, quite understood this. They knew that the Austrians could only be overthrown by regular troops in a regular campaign. They relied on bayonets—French bayonets as well as Piedmontese and Lombard—not on stilettos. Mazzini, who had begun by appealing to Charles Emmanuel to put himself at the head of 'Young Italy,' ended by drifting into complete opposition to the House of Savoy and its great mission. As a disciple of the French Girondists he was a Republican more even than a Nationalist. Italy, united under the Piedmontese princes, seemed to him very little better than a dismembered Italy, divided between the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. It is the tragedy of Mazzini's life that he lived long enough to see Rome become the capital of the Italian nation, and yet regarded this consummation with something akin to despair.

Meanwhile, he did not spare himself any more than he spared his friends. In 1833 the Italian exiles in Switzerland, with some Poles and Germans, and a few Frenchmen, decided on an inroad into Savoy. They hoped to overthrow the Piedmontese Government, get up a republican rising throughout the Peninsula, and begin a general insurrectionary movement against the Princes and their Austrian patrons. The raid was as futile as such raids usually are. A handful of the conspirators crossed the frontier, wandered about aimlessly for a few days, and melted away at the approach of the royal troops. Mazzini carried a musket in the ranks of this pitiful little army, but he had no chance of using it. He was forced to take refuge in Switzerland; but the Cantonal Government, under pressure from Vienna and Paris, refused him an asylum, and for nearly three years he lived virtually in hiding, passing from one Swiss town to another, sheltered by sympathetic friends, sometimes not daring to venture out of doors in the daytime for weeks. He had no money, save what his mother could send him, few books, and the toothache. His health was never good, and he bewailed his fate with all the luxuriance of Southern imagery. 'The weary eyes follow the driven clouds that the

winds waft away to the skies of the Fatherland, beyond the everlasting Alps, those icy cherubim that guard the gate of the heart's Eden.' Exile has always been felt by the countrymen of Dante with an intensity of suffering such as the men of the Northern races hardly understand. Shakespeare remembered that Romeo was not merely a passionate lover, but an Italian youth, when he made him break into his rhapsody over the sentence of expulsion :

Ha! banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say 'banishment.'

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Mazzini felt like that for many melancholy years.

It cannot be said that his sufferings were aggravated as Romeo's were by the pangs of disappointed love. He had not left a mistress behind him in Italy. Yet he, too, had his romance, or two of them. At Marseilles and in Switzerland he met Giuditta Sidoli, an exile, like himself, in the cause of Italian freedom, and the widow of one of the Lombard patriots. She was much concerned in the plots and agitations of the Young Italy party, and she and Mazzini were in frequent correspondence. But their communications were not confined to politics. The Tuscan police, who seized and opened some of the letters from Mazzini to the lady, must have been edified by such passages as this : 'There are words in your letter which make me thrill with joy. In these last days I have learnt the strength of my love. I have covered your lock with kisses.' Nothing came of this devotion. Mazzini and Giuditta continued to correspond occasionally for years, but apparently their affection cooled down to a steady friendship. The lady was devoted to her children, and Mazzini was wrapped up in his work, and his web of politics, and seems to have quietly acquiesced in the separation.

Probably he was not a very ardent lover at any time. He was too spiritual, too much given to intellectual abstractions, to be of the stuff of which *les grands amoureux* are made. He had another affair—one can hardly call it of the heart—in Switzerland, not long after the date when he was pressing his lips to the fair Giuditta's tress of golden hair. At Lausanne, the daughter of the family in whose house he lodged was much attracted to him. The lonely young exile of twenty-nine, with

his refined Italian face, his record of heroism and suffering, and the gentle and touching melancholy of his manner, was quite the kind of person to interest a romantic girl of seventeen, in those post-Byronic days. The young lady fell deeply, and hopelessly, in love. It was a tragic passion that threatened the girl's life. When Mazzini left Switzerland, her friends implored him to come back and save her. But he professed to think that he was bound to Giuditta Sidoli, and he declined to acknowledge more than a merely friendly sentiment for the Lausanne maiden. One may doubt whether the excuse was genuine. Mazzini, after all, did not marry Giuditta; and perhaps he was not inclined, either then or at any other time, to marry anybody. The poor girl soon fretted herself into the grave, and Mazzini was left moralising. 'He who through fatality of circumstances,' he wrote, in after years, 'cannot live the serene life of family, has a void in his heart that nothing fills; and I, who write these pages, well I know it.'

At one-and-thirty Mazzini came to England, and began the life in London which lasted, with brief intervals, for nearly thirty-five years. For some time he lived off the Tottenham Court Road or in the neighbourhood of Euston Square, a region then, and long afterwards, much frequented by the dishevelled heroes of the European revolution. It was a gloomy retreat for these sun-loving Southerners. Mazzini shared lodgings with three of his Genoese friends and suffered many things. They hated the climate; they could not eat the ill-cooked food; they were the prey of landladies and lodging-house 'slaveys'. They were very poor, living on casual contributions to the magazines and small supplies sent from friends and relatives in Italy. In the intervals of arranging the Revolution they paid frequent visits to the pawnshop, or borrowed, on usurious terms, from shady money-lenders. In course of time matters mended. Mazzini's essays and articles found a certain market, and he was gradually placed beyond penury, though he was never anything but a poor man. He moved down to Chelsea, and took lodgings near the King's Road, where he could see trees and grass, and the red-sailed barges drifting slowly down the bend of the grey river. In the quaint old Chelsea of sixty years ago, with its hay-fields, and its market-gardens, Mazzini felt he could breathe more easily. He made some English friends and emancipated himself from the exclusive society of his bickering, disappointed compatriots. With

the Carlyles, his Chelsea neighbours, he became intimate. 'They love me as a brother,' he wrote in 1840; and of Carlyle he said, 'he is good, good, good.' The friendship was not based on community of ideas. Mazzini objected to Carlyle's worship of force, his exaltation of the individual. Carlyle thought Mazzini's opinions 'at once tragically and comically impossible,' and was characteristically impatient of his 'Republicanism, his "Progress," and other Rousseau fanaticisms.' He said unkindly, but not quite untruly, that Nature had intended Mazzini for 'a little lyrical poet.' They used to have long and fierce colloquies in the famous little house in Cheyne Row. Mazzini often strolled down from the King's Road, 'his doe-skin boots,' in wet weather, 'oozing out water in a manner frightful to behold,' upon Mrs. Carlyle's carpets. On one occasion, as Mr. King reminds us, 'Carlyle, after monopolising the talk while he passed in review the silent great ones of the earth, turned to Mazzini, saying "You have not succeeded because you have talked too much."' Mrs. Carlyle was more tolerant of his 'idealisms' than her husband, though she 'was out of all patience' with his dabbling in ill-planned conspiracy, in which valuable lives were recklessly wasted.¹ 'Are there not things more important than my head?' he asked her. 'Certainly,' she answered, 'but the man who has not sense enough to keep his head on his shoulders till something is to be gained by parting with it, has not sense enough to manage any important matter.' But Mazzini's gentle sympathy appealed to her troubled soul, and, as readers of the Letters know, she came to him for advice when the clouds began to settle over her married life. Mazzini counselled her wisely. He told her to 'send her ghosts and phantoms back to nothingness,' and find consolation in work and love. Gradually he became estranged from the Carlyles, and with the Sage he had almost a quarrel. But even while he condemned Mazzini's political action, Carlyle appreciated his personal character, to which he bore generous testimony in a communication to the *Times*, in the course of the famous letter-opening episode. 'He, if I have ever seen such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable unfortunately but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.'

The transaction which evoked this declaration made a con-

¹ *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, ii. 63.

siderable stir in English politics. Mazzini had arranged one of his criminally foolish expeditions against the Neapolitan territories. He induced a couple of young Venetian nobles, Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, officers in the Austrian navy, to land on the Calabrian coast, with a mere handful of followers, to begin a popular 'rising.' The attempt was insane in any case. But the English postal authorities had opened Mazzini's correspondence, and warned the Naples Government of the proposed descent. When the youths landed near Cosenza they almost walked into the arms of the police, and were captured and shot.

Mazzini disclosed the tampering of the Post Office with his letters to some of his Radical friends in Parliament, and a storm arose. Macaulay and other Liberals angrily denounced Sir James Graham, the Postmaster-General, in the House of Commons, and loud and long were the thunders of the *Times* and the other newspapers. The British public worked itself into one of its fits of virtuous indignation with Sir James Graham, who indeed remained under a certain stigma for the rest of his official life. But a Select Committee was appointed to investigate the operations of the postal secret service, and the excitement died away in the usual fashion. At this distance of time it seems rather overstrained, nor can one see that Mazzini or any other political exile had the right, under the protection of an English domicile, to organise insurrections against foreign governments. No country is under an obligation to permit its hospitality to be abused to this extent.

The episode had at any rate the effect of making Mazzini extremely well known. He came to be looked upon as in some sort the unofficial head of the Italian insurgents, and one of the chiefs of the revolutionary party throughout Europe. His writings, widely, though often surreptitiously, circulated throughout Italy, did much more than his abortive plots to keep alive the spirit of revolt in the Peninsula. So, when the Hour struck in 1848, Mazzini was naturally felt to be one of its Men. In February the Revolution broke out in Paris, the second Republic was proclaimed, and the insurrectionary movement thrilled through the capitals of Europe. Italy, with Charles Albert of Piedmont and the Grand Duke of Tuscany in the van, rose against the Austrians. Before the end of March the *Tedeschi* had quitted Milan; they were driven out of Venice, where the Republic was re-established under Daniel Manin; the Lombard States united themselves by plébiscite

with the kingdom of Sardinia. It was a great dayspring of hope for Italy, too soon to be quenched. Against the numbers and steady discipline of the Austrian armies, and the strategic skill of their veteran leader, Radetzky, Charles Albert's Piedmontese regiments, reinforced by enthusiastic, but untrained, Garibaldian legionaries and other volunteers, could do little. The Sardinians were crushed at Novara, Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son, and the Austrians were once more the masters of Northern Italy. The deliverance had yet to come.

Mazzini had hastened from England to join the Garibaldians, and he served in the ranks with courage and patience during the retreat of the inadequately equipped force before the Austrian cavalry. When the volunteers disbanded, he went to Florence, where he made a fruitless attempt to set up a Republican government, and then to Rome. Here, as he thought, the opportunity of his life had at length arrived. The Eternal City was in the throes of revolution. The Pope's 'Liberal' minister, Count Rossi, had been assassinated; the Holy Father had fled to Naples. After an interval of anarchy, a Popular Assembly had met and proclaimed the Roman Republic. Mazzini was made a citizen of Rome, and elected a member of the Parliament. He entered the city in a transport of idealistic enthusiasm. 'Rome,' he wrote, 'was the dream of my young years, the generating idea of my mental conception, the keystone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul.' He cherished a kind of political mysticism, drawn in large part from 'Dante' and the 'De Monarchia.' He believed that the Holy Roman Empire might be restored in a modern Republican version, with Rome as the centre of the Europe of 'the People,' a Europe united by a spiritual bond of freedom, enlightenment, and progress. It was all fantastic enough; but Mazzini had immediate duties to attend to, and he performed them with far more practical ability than he showed at any other time. The Roman Revolution is the most interesting episode in Mazzini's career. Soon after reaching the City he was appointed by the Assembly one of the 'Triumvirs,' or chief administrative officers of the Republic, and as his two colleagues were not persons of much significance, he was almost Dictator. Under his direction, Rome used her brief spell of liberty well. Mazzini threw himself with energy into the task of creating a Government out of the chaos which had been left by the collapse of the Papal *régime*. The Roman people seemed to be

inspired with their Triumvir's own elevation of soul and his lofty faith in their destinies. Order was maintained without difficulty, there was little crime, and relatively few political assassinations. Mazzini refused to proscribe the Papalists, the priests were protected in the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions, and even the open enemies of the Republic were treated with leniency.¹ Mazzini's personal conduct was then, as always, irreproachable. With the apartments of the Quirinal at his command he chose a small and modest chamber, which was his reception room and office, and here he did his work, and received all who came to see him, without guards or uniformed attendants. When the evening came, the Triumvir went out unattended—in that city of stilettos—to a cheap restaurant, where he dined for two francs. His official salary was 32*l.* a month, and most of it he gave away. His serene tranquillity never left him, in the midst of harassing anxiety and overpowering labour. An army had to be created as well as a Government, for the Republic had to fight for its existence. The Pope sought help from the Catholic Powers, and found it unexpectedly in France. Louis Napoleon determined to conciliate the Army and the Clericals at a stroke by the first of those cynical betrayals for which in the end he paid so dearly. Oudinot with 35,000 French troops and a powerful train of artillery appeared before Rome. Mazzini and his colleagues had little hope of prevailing against such a force; but they determined that the Republic should not fall tamely. 'Monarchies may capitulate, Republics die,' said the Triumvir. The French had

¹ Clough was in Rome at this time, and the conduct of the people, and Mazzini's influence over them, made a great impression upon him:—

"It is most curious to see what a power a few calm words (in Merely a brief proclamation) appear to possess on the people. Order is perfect, and peace; the city is utterly tranquil; And one cannot conceive that this easy and *nonchalant* crowd, that Flows like a quiet stream through street and market-place, entering Shady recesses and bays of church, *osteria*, and *caffè*, Could in a moment be changed to a flood as of molten lava, Boil into deadly wrath and wild homicidal delusion.

Ah, 'tis an excellent race—and even in old degradation, Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating, E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people. Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption!—but clearly That is not likely to be. Meantime notwithstanding all journals, Honour for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer! Honour to speech! And all honour to thee, thou noble Mazzini!"

Amours de Voyage, ii. 9.

counted on a military promenade; but at the first encounter Garibaldi's volunteers drove back Oudinot's troops, and a regular siege was undertaken, not the least memorable of the many the Eternal City has known. For a month the town, with its raw garrison, untrained and ill-equipped, held out against bombardment and assault. The bravery of the Romans did something to compensate for the bad generalship of Garibaldi, whose petulance and jealousy added seriously to Mazzini's troubles. But his courage never wavered; and, when the Assembly at last decided to surrender, he resigned his office with bitter reproaches. Perhaps, as Mr. King suggests, he would have been more consistent if he had quitted the city with Garibaldi and the 3,000 heroes, to whom their leader promised 'hunger, and thirst, and vigil, but never terms with the enemy.' But Mazzini was on bad terms with Garibaldi, and he was tired of everything after the strain of the few preceding months. The French deemed it advisable not to arrest the great Tribune of the People, and so he slipped away to Marseilles, and then to Geneva.

Thus ended Mazzini's first and last genuine excursion into practical politics—an episode in every way creditable to him, albeit the Roman Republic, even if France had not intervened, was a fantastic impossibility at the best. The Triumvir quietly went back to his life of literary labour and journalistic propaganda. He exchanged the Quirinal for a small villa at Lausanne, which he shared with some of his fellow exiles, and in due course returned to London lodgings. Chelsea was again chosen as his place of residence. He had rooms over a post office, in Radnor Street, one of the modest turnings running downwards from the King's Road towards the river. His worldly circumstances were improved, for his mother had left him a small annuity, and his writings brought him in some income. He had good English friends, and there were not a few ladies who would have been willing enough to lionise the famous Triumvir of the Roman Republic; but he had no taste for fashionable society, and declined most of the invitations he received. He corresponded with Grote and Jowett; spent frequent evenings with the Milner-Gibsons, the Stansfelds, the Peter Taylors, J. S. Mill, the Ashursts, and others of the literary Radical set; and saw something of Mrs. Gaskell, Harriet Martineau, Cairnes, Mr. Swinburne, and the Brownings. Carlyle told Emerson that the Roman Revolution had done Mazzini much good and 'had made a man of him.' He was always a brilliant talker,

and in the intimacy of the circle of friends of Italy whom he knew best, he became vivacious, and would discourse with fluent animation on 'Progress' and the coming of the Republican millennium, on music and European history, on Dante and Byron. In his 'worn frock coat' and black velvet waistcoat, with his intellectual Italian face, refined by suffering and thought, and his deep dark eyes 'full of sadness, tenderness, and courage, of purity and fire,'¹ he was an attractive and interesting figure at these gatherings. Sometimes he would stay with his friends in the country, and occasionally he would be induced to take a trip to Eastbourne or Brighton. But his home was in London. Here he could get books, and work at his tracts and essays, correspond with his fellow-republicans, and pursue his wire-drawn schemes for the unification of Italy on a democratic basis. His personal life was always simple. A considerable part of his slender income was devoted to works of charity. He started a school for hurdy-gurdy-boys in London, and took much trouble to improve the condition of these poor little waifs; and for years he supported a destitute Italian woman whom he had found starving on a door-step. His relaxations, besides the society of his friends, were the guitar, an occasional visit to the opera, and much tobacco. He was an inveterate and unrestrained smoker all his life, and even in his worst poverty he always managed to get more cheap Swiss cigars than were good for him. His modestly furnished lodgings, littered with books and papers, were fuliginous with a perpetual cloud of smoke, in the midst of which Mazzini's tame linnets and canaries hopped and chirruped. He had a singular power of taming birds, and in his prison cell at Savona he had found a companion in a thrush which had fluttered through the open loop-hole and remained with him. To animals and children he was always tender. At one of the many conversations, in which Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin planned the wrecking of thrones and the uprising of the Peoples, the two desperate revolutionaries allowed their cigars to go out, because they found the smoke was making a dog uncomfortable. Yet this was the man who had gone very far indeed on the way towards justifying, if not abetting, political assassination.

Mazzini's main activity all these years was devoted to the cause of Italy's freedom and unity, and it was largely wasted. He spent much of his energy in quarrelling with the men who were

¹ See an extract from a private letter, quoted by Mr. Bolton King, p. 143.

gradually bringing about the redemption of his country. He hated Cavour, he disliked Victor Emmanuel, he distrusted and despised Louis Napoleon, and he had no love for his old comrade Garibaldi. He would almost have preferred an Italy still enslaved to an Italy liberated by the House of Savoy. Thus he harped on the worn string of popular insurrection, getting up muddled risings, which were easily quenched in blood and did nothing to help the Italian cause. Occasionally he went to Italy in disguise and was nearly caught by the Austrian, or the Piedmontese, police. In 1856 he was in Genoa; and on the failure of the most hare-brained of all his plots, he was condemned to death, and might perhaps have been executed, if he had fallen into the hands of the authorities. The house of the Marquis Pareto, in which he lay in hiding, was watched and visited by the police, who probed the mattresses and the Marchioness's wardrobe with their swords; and it was said that Mazzini himself opened the door to the officers disguised as a footman. A few days later, he walked out of the house without any disguise, arm-in-arm with a Genoese lady, asked the sentry for a light for his cigar, and drove away.

In 1860 he was in Italy again, at Rome, Florence, and Naples, during the exciting period of Garibaldi's triumphant expedition against the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. His conduct over that episode was unusually impracticable. His fanatical Republicanism, and his inopportune insistence on a democratic *régime*, were extremely inconvenient at this juncture; for, if Mazzini had been allowed to have his way, all that Garibaldi had won might have been lost in a ruinous conflict, not only with Austria but with France. The wiser counsels prevailed; Mazzini again left Italy, 'worn out,' as he said, 'morally and physically,' and in his dejection saying that all he wanted before dying was 'a year of Walham Green¹ or Eastbourne, long silences, a few affectionate words to smooth the ways, plenty of sea-gulls, and sad dozing.' But he did not doze. His remaining years were spent, sadly enough, in the old round of fruitless agitation and ineffectual struggle against the inevitable, in blind partisanship, and angry suspicion of the men who were, in fact, accomplishing what Mazzini and his belated conspiracies had failed to effect, and of final disillusion. So when Italy was at last united and Rome delivered, the event brought little joy to Mazzini. Tired and ill, worried by failing eyesight and rheumatism, and digestive troubles,

¹ Where his friends the Stansfelds lived.

for which no doubt his innumerable cigars were partly responsible, his dejection increased, though he still retained his outward serenity and the personal charm that endeared him to his friends. When Venetia was won in 1866, not by the arms of Italy, but by the victories of Prussia and the patronage of Louis Napoleon, Mazzini was full of indignant mortification. In 1870, when the great European cataclysm was preparing, which was to give back the capital to the Kingdom of Italy, he was engaged in obscure and discreditable intrigues to foment a rising in Sicily against the monarchy. He went to Naples, and thence to Palermo, where he was immediately arrested and 'kept out of harm's way' for a few weeks in an indulgent captivity at Gaeta. After the seizure of Rome he was released, and amnestied, and might easily have become a popular idol. But he had no pleasure in the completion of a unity which shattered his ideals. He thought Rome profaned by 'a corrupt and dishonoured monarchy.' He chose to be contemptuous of the statesmen who had succeeded where he had failed, 'this medley,' as he called them, 'of opportunists and cowards and Machiavellis, that let themselves be dragged behind the suggestion of the foreigner. I thought to call up the soul of Italy, and I only see its corpse.' He refused to accept the amnesty; but he was free to live in Italy, and there he remained, moving about from place to place, and writing appeals to the Italian working-men to find their salvation in organisation and honest effort, and to forswear anarchism and materialism. In March 1872 he fell ill at the house of a friend at Pisa, and, after a brief illness, the troubled, storm-tossed life drew quietly to its haven. The English visitor to Genoa goes to visit Mazzini's tomb, where he lies beside his mother in the cemetery of Staglieno, outside his native city.

He had outlived his age, though he was scarcely an old man when he died. But the 'advanced' Republican of the 'thirties and the 'forties had never moved with the times. Mazzini was stranded on the ideas of 1848, themselves a somewhat belated inheritance from the past. With the new scientific and political movements, that were forming while Mazzini was dreaming of the Republic of the Peoples and the Brotherhood of Man, he had small sympathy. He knew nothing of natural science and cared less for it. Darwinism and the doctrines of Evolution passed him by unmoved and uninterested. He had never mastered the theories of the modern economists. Nor did he in the least understand the

significance of the historic drama which was being enacted under his eyes. The development of the new world-empires, of the Greater Britain, Russia, United Germany, the United States, did not appeal to him. His survey seldom travelled beyond Europe, and in his Europe the Mediterranean nations still occupied a disproportionate place. He could not realise how comparatively insignificant, in the larger world that was opening, Italy and her troubles, Austria and her policies, had become. But one would assuredly not pass from the record of this ardent dreamer with the sense that his life was spent in vain. His writings, I am afraid, are not often consulted, at any rate in England. Yet they are worth remembrance. The volumes in which the message of the 'great doctrinaire,' as Garibaldi called him, are made accessible to English readers contain much chaff but some golden grain. If he was a visionary, his visions were noble and strenuous. His Gospel to the Democracy was one of stern self-abnegation, of sacrifice and effort. He loved 'The People,' and deified 'Humanity' in the abstract; but he was no demagogue to play upon the vanity of the proletariat, or feed them with the promise of a materialistic Paradise. He thought less of the Rights of Man than of the Duties of Man; 'the sole origin of every right,' he said, 'is a duty fulfilled.' His ideal Republic was based upon a religious conception as truly as the ideal Monarchy of Dante, a realisation of the Kingdom of God upon earth. 'Is life a sensation—a succession of sensations? Or is it one finite manifestation of the Eternal Idea, which is developing itself progressively through temporary forms?' So asks Mazzini in his *Thoughts upon Democracy*; and this work, and his *Duties of Man*, must be examined by those who would understand the democratic thought of the nineteenth century in its loftiest, and in some respects its most attractive, form.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE STORY OF A RABBIT.

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

ON the North Norfolk coast, from a headland that faces the wide salt marshes and, beyond them, the striped ribbon of blue sea and golden sand, a steep wooded slope is pushed out sideways like a velvet tongue between two smooth expanses of cornland. The slope is honeycombed with rabbit-holes; and little grows there under the trees but nauseous elder and ivy, coarse burdock and stinging-nettle, in rank and desolate confusion, above the graves of the gracious woodland flowers and shrubs which used to flourish there before the rabbits gained the upper hand.

But, though this is an ancient and populous rabbit warren, it is kept within bounds, for the shooting tenant farms the cornland on either side. A multitude of rabbits which have, within the limits of their warren, eaten down everything that rabbits can eat—a wide range of vegetables—soon play havoc with the neighbouring crops. So, by the end of January, when the last guests invited for a week's shooting have returned to town, and the pheasants are granted peace of grace in preparation for the breeding season, the gamekeeper has a free hand with the rabbits.

There is an interregnum of several weeks, during which the noise of his gun and the careering of his retriever after wounded rabbits will neither spoil the prospects of his master's sport nor scare the birds from nesting in the coverts; so the bunnies have a bad time.

Day after day, into one burrow after another, the long, lean, white ferrets, with their unwholesome pink eyes and snake-like ways, are thrust; and as the slope explodes with rabbits, the sharp voice of the gun, which seldom misses right or left, is followed by shouts of direction to the dog that is gathering the slain.

The hoodie crows somehow know what these sounds portend. Usually distrustful of the sound of guns, they are attracted in growing numbers by this day-long fusillade in the rabbit warren. As the early dusk of evening falls, the keeper and his son leave

the covert, bearing upon poles goodly rows of rabbits, and scarcely have they turned their backs before the hoodies are thickening on the ground at the corner where the men 'cleaned' the rabbits before leaving, to lighten the loads that they had to carry home. And so, for the night, 'peace' falls upon the rabbit warren, with crowds of carrion birds in one corner feeding greedily in the growing dusk upon the entrails of some scores of its inhabitants. Nor when these obscene fowls have at last departed is it all peace for the rabbit folk. The keeper's lad has seen to his dozen of traps, and before next day's carnage commences in another corner of the warren there are dead and half-dead rabbits to be extracted from their steel-toothed grip.

Thus February brings stress and storm to the plump, soft-coated people of the warren; but rabbits have no calendars by which to arrange their domestic occurrences, and they reck little of the seasons. So it came about that when the finest buck rabbit ever killed in the warren (afterwards turning the scale, when cleaned, at a fair 5 lbs.) was bowled over by the keeper and retrieved by his curly black dog, the widow knew nothing of the occurrence. She was underground, in the special nursery burrow which she had dug and lined at the end with fur plucked from her own body, attending upon her day-old family of four promising little bunnies. Blind, naked, and helpless they were; and the mother trembled more than once as the earth shook above her with the heavy tramp of the gamekeeper taking up a new position from which to bowl over the bolting bunnies. Every minute she shuddered to think of that long white beast with the pink eyes—she had seen it in one mad moment of bolting terror last year—entering her 'stop' and making a loathsome meal of her helpless young.

But the day passed and others like it, and she scarcely noticed the absence of her husband, for she did not know that he was dead. By virtue of his magnificent physique he had always been the worst flirt in the warren; and now she had other secret joys of her own in her rapidly growing brood, of whom one at least promised to reproduce the thews and stature of his sire. When they appeared for the first time in the daylight at the mouth of their nursery-burrow—cosy little grey balls of fluff that went bundling in different directions, discovering delightful novelties at every step, but hustling dutifully back to the burrow at their topmost speed whenever she stamped a foot of warning—their proud

mother scarcely thought the whole warren large enough to contain her joys. So she darted viciously at every rabbit, buck or doe, which chanced to graze her way; and they all gave place because she had the fever of maternity upon her.

If a stoat had appeared she would have dashed at him, bowled him over and put him to flight, as doe rabbits in like case have often been known to do. To kill a surprised and terrified rabbit of any size is pastime and luxury for the stoat; but when even a moderate-sized doe rabbit so far forgets her danger as to use her own body as a battering-ram and bares her shining razor-teeth for a dying grip, the stoat does not remain.

So the youngsters grew and prospered, especially the biggest of them all, whose every gesture recalled to his widowed mother the masterful ways of his father. If she now grieved much or guessed what her husband's fate had been, she did not show it; for rabbits have short widowhood, and before her children were weaned she was tolerating the addresses of another.

But nothing of this clouded their lives. Where game was so carefully preserved they ran no risk of slant-eyed foxes skulking behind the fence at dewy dawn to pounce upon them in their baby play. The marauding cats from the village usually found their fate in the well-placed traps at the near corners of the covert. The sleuthhound polecat had been unknown in the neighbourhood for a score of years; and the badger, which can dig straight down to a brood of rabbits with unerring sense of smell, had not been seen there within the memory of the gamekeeper's old father. Nor was it once in three seasons that the gamekeeper's gun had to speak of birds of prey such as rabbits dread.

There are warrens where the hourly terror of the rabbits' lives is the cross-shaped speck over the hill-top that smites so swiftly down the wind and follows the strayed rabbit in all its desperate twists and dodges to reach the too-distant burrow—the very terrible goshawk. But to look for goshawks or any large bird of prey on North Norfolk preserves in spring or summer would be idle as scraping the snow of December for strawberries. Noble peregrines and keen merlins come in winter, and a wandering goshawk at times; and sometimes one of the guns at a 'shoot' will drop a pirate harrier. But before even the nimble wheatear or hedge-climbing chiff-chaff, forerunners of the feathered hosts of summer, have arrived, the keen-eyed, long-winged birds of prey have swept north and east to the wild moors and fells, where

they can scream their nesting joy to the whole drear landscape without fear of man.

So the young rabbits had some peace, but not much. Before they were so big as rats the first catastrophe occurred. They had all seen a hoodie crow taking sidelong hops about the slope where they played leap-frog with the tufts of grass. None of them liked the appearance of the bird, and many times they bolted as he drew near, but they gradually grew accustomed to his presence, and none of the survivors knew exactly how it happened, but, when the sudden explosion of the keeper's gun scared the whole warren, only four out of five young rabbits met, jostling, in the familiar burrow. The fifth and smallest of the family was lying on the ground, feebly moving its forepaws in the last struggle of life beside the shattered hoodie crow. The keeper, on his morning round of inspection of his traps, had seen the bird carrying something, and 'dropped' it. He used the corpse of the little rabbit to bait a trap.

Thus the young rabbits learned early to distrust the sneaking hoodie crows and to beware of other perils besides. Though there were no polecats nor martens, not all the keeper's covered traps could prevent the stoats from breeding in the broken ground below the hill-slope, and the hedges held weasels, miniatures of the stoat in size but enlargements in cunning and courage. It is a sickening dread that falls upon the rabbit who sees the snaky head of stoat or weasel upreared through a tuft of herbage, or hears that breathing hiss of the little vermin upon his trail. He may run and distance fate by many scores of yards; but still, inexorable and mysterious, it reappears close behind. Sometimes the terrified rabbit unwittingly secures his safety by crossing other trails, but he never knows—a stoat once seen is seen many times ere the end, whether this is life or death.

There are no wild-cats, it is true, and most of the poaching village cats find the baited traps, whence, twisting and spitting in pain and rage, they are 'removed' by the keeper on his rounds, and their corpses nailed in his private 'larder' in a dark corner of the covert. On the fence outside he hangs his public museum—stoats, weasels, and hedgehogs—in rows, with here and there a hoodie crow and jackdaw, and—shame that it should be so!—a cluster of murdered kestrels and barn owls. But the village cats have owners and their owners have tongues; so these are hung elsewhere in a private corner, where few feet save those of the

keeper and his son ever penetrate, and there they swing in mouldy company, the dull rag that was once a blue Persian by the piebald mummy of a 'common' cat of black and white, which the keeper had cursed scores of times as he saw it stealing to covert in the dusk, before he got a fair shot at it; and the tabby swings with the tortoiseshell, while other sodden skeletons are green and grey with mould. Seventeen dead cats on a stunted maple tree—what mourning of village children for missing pets that weird crop represents!

But there are cats and cats, and some are old campaigners who early left a claw in one of the keeper's traps, taking in exchange such cunning as no trap could tempt again. Against these the rabbit-folk were helpless; and so one morning, when our family of little ones were scuttling over the slope below their burrow in the morning mist, something that was grey and white sprang from the brambles, and the family that had been five, and then four, was three.

So they learned more caution, and, since their mother was already preoccupied with her second venture in matrimony, they taught each other the trick of panic, and many times they all scuttled to the burrow because one chanced to move abruptly. But they soon outgrew this childish habit and discovered that unless he would live in constant, causeless terror, each rabbit must trust to his own eyes, ears, and nose alone.

So, when your head breaks the skyline above a warren you will see that a few rabbits, here and there, will catch sight of you and bolt precipitately, while the rest will remain. One rabbit, racing to its burrow, may even overleap another, feeding in his path, without communicating his terror. This may seem folly, but it is real wisdom. If every rabbit in a warren simultaneously bolted because one had taken alarm, many of them, racing in different directions to their burrows, would run straight into the unknown danger, whatever it might be. And, though they seem to remain unconcernedly feeding, we may be sure that ears are spread, nostrils twitching, and eyes glancing cornerwise to catch the first inkling of the peril that disturbed their comrade.

But with very young rabbits this habit of independent conduct has its dangers. A party of schoolboys, home for the Easter holidays, may wander through the furze-clad slope where the rabbits feed, scaring the bunnies to right and left, and discover, in the very last furze clump into which they peep for nests, a

wretched young rabbit who had refused to take warning from the general stampede. Often the little bunny makes a brilliant, hair's-breadth escape, but if the boys have a terrier with them he does not. In this way our dwindling family of three became two.

But the Easter holidays passed and the boys returned to school. The pheasants were nesting in the covert, and the keeper's gun was silent, and his dog was left chained up at home. So the two surviving rabbits prospered and played leap-frog in the dewy dawn, when the rabbit folk are always bolder than in the dusk of evening, because the experience of generations has told them that the few men who rise before the sun go straight to their work and pay little attention to rabbits.

Sometimes, indeed, when the wind was in the east and the rabbits sat side by side with their fore-legs tucked under them, as is the custom of rabbits when it is cold, they might have wondered what the keeper's early business was. For at such times he would come along the sheltered path in the covert, instead of following the exposed way outside. But rabbits do not speculate upon the motives of human actions. They assume them to be bad, and shrink even from traversing the path where man has lately trod. So it happened that when the keeper, after a week of east wind in May had caused him to take the sheltered path in visiting his traps, resumed his usual beat along the margin of the cornland above, he found a new track into the wheat, now growing thick and strong. He found many new tracks indeed, for it was a rule of all the rabbits to feed in the upper field when the keeper used the lower path and to keep to the low ground when he used the higher; but this particular track was that made by the two survivors of our family. And the next morning, when they endeavoured to pass as usual into the corn, the smaller one in front suddenly began to leap and struggle without leaving the ground. She squealed too, and at that squeal the other turned and bolted; for rabbits squeal but once, and other rabbits, hearing it and not knowing whom death may next seize, flee from the spot. When the keeper came he took the rabbit out of the snare and passed on, and only one of the brood was left.

But this one grew into a lusty rabbit, promising to fulfil the hope of his mother that he would reproduce the grand proportions of his sire—though that mother was already parent of another family of five to another sire. These things happen in warrens, however, as in cities, and our rabbit's loneliness did not trouble

him. He became learned in the lore of warren and covert. He gave a wide margin to the man-scented paths which led to the keeper's traps, and his was always the first white tail that the baffled terrier saw, as Bunny scudded in safety to his burrow. Sitting at its mouth, he learned to distinguish the human beings who followed the path by the trout stream. When they reached the corner of the covert, the farm hands turned to the right going to their labour, while the keeper and his son turned to the left to inspect their traps. They returned by the same paths, but there was one other man who went nowhere in particular, but wandered about and often sat upon the top of the furze-clad steep under which the rabbits grazed and sported. He carried no gun, and he had never been seen to kill a rabbit, and although he often looked at them through field glasses, nothing happened. So the rabbits learned to ignore or at least to tolerate his presence, breaking the sky-line at the top of the slope.

As summer passed, our Bunny began to realise that eating and playing were not the chief joys of life. There was no buck of his age in the warren that could stand against him, nor any doe that viewed him with disfavour. So one morning, when he found himself to be one of five rivals for the affections of the doe of his choice, a very brief skirmish with each in turn convinced the other four that they must transfer their affections elsewhere, and Bunny was left alone with his love, nibbling the grass by her side at the foot of the bush-dotted slope.

He—and she doubtless—as well as the other four had been so engrossed in their affairs that they were unaware that at least two pairs of eyes had watched the proceedings. One pair, aided by binoculars, were those of the naturalist, who occupied his favourite seat at the top of the slope, but he was plainly visible against the sky and did not matter. The other pair belonged to something which, like a thin brown streak, shot suddenly from under cover of a furze bush, and in a moment Bunny's new-won bride had fled, leaving him kicking upon the ground with 'something' brown clinging to his neck. So much the naturalist's binoculars revealed, and the squeals of the rabbit told the rest. With a shout and slithering of stones, he came leaping and sliding down the steep, and put the stoat to flight; but the mischief was done. Bunny lay upon his side, paralysed, and every effort which he made to rise, on seeing a dreaded human being bending over him, only caused him to fall the more heavily.

So Bunny was slung in a handkerchief upon a walking-stick and carried carefully to the naturalist's home, though the blood stealing from the wound on his neck dyed the handkerchief crimson before the house was reached. There he was placed in a hutch upon a bed of soft hay and left for a while in peace. For days he lay upon his side, kicking violently in the attempt to rise whenever a human being approached his hutch, but he was fed at frequent intervals with a spoon, and often food was placed within reach of his nose. So, while still paralysed, he learned to eat and gradually recovered. Instead of kicking himself in an idle circle in the attempt to rise, he learned to travel, still on one side, in definite directions; and by degrees the power to hold up his head and to walk straight returned. With abundant food he completely recovered his strength, and, although still wild as a hawk, became absurdly fat. 'To-morrow,' we said, 'we will take him back to the warren and surprise the rabbit-folk, who think that every rabbit that a stoat seizes is dead.'

Next morning, however, the rabbit-hutch was found empty. Some villager, calling at the house, had passed through the yard where Bunny was kept and had noticed, no doubt, his plumpness. Rabbits are good to eat. So the 'simple' villager came down in the early morning, before anyone was about, opened the hutch, and took Bunny away for Sunday's dinner. That was not the object with which we had saved him from death. But all Nature consists of only two classes of animals, the eaters and the eaten. Man belongs to the former and the rabbit to the latter: so Bunny's was a natural end.

Nor is it surprising that of a family of five young rabbits born in spring, not one should survive till autumn. Each pair of rabbits produces several broods in the year, and if some should survive of each brood there would not be room in the country for the rabbits.

A BISHOP'S TESTAMENT, A.D. 1616.

IN the process of turning over some miscellaneous papers which came into my possession nearly a generation ago on the death of a relative, I have happened upon one document of curious interest. It is an elaborate copy, in handwriting far clearer than typography, written probably in the eighteenth century, of the Will of Henry Rowlands, Bishop of Bangor, which was dated 'the 1st of July, anno Domini 1616 *annoque regni Domini Regis Jacobi Dei gratiâ Angliæ 14 et Scotiæ 49.*' A perusal of it, in the light of intimate knowledge of Bangor as it now is, convinced me that it was not merely entertaining by virtue of its quaintness, but also of considerable value as an illustration of the simplicity of life in the early years of the seventeenth century, and in the later years of the preceding century.

This Henry Rowlands was a man of mark in his generation, a pious founder of schools and almshouses which survive to this day, the former in a changed shape, and a benefactor of Jesus College, Oxford. He was, indeed, as his Will demonstrates, a prelate of no little wealth in land and money, and a good husbandman of both in the fullest sense of the word. Those were days in which the Bishops of Bangor, apart from their episcopal revenues, were rich men, partly because it was their custom to hold various benefices and one archdeaconry *in commendam*, partly because they enjoyed considerable estates and manorial rights. Far other is the case of the bishops of to-day, with incomes limited by statute, while the claims upon their charity are unlimited, so that it is the stock thing for a bishop to say that he never knew what it was to be overdrawn at his bankers until he was raised to the Bench.

Not mainly because of the proofs of the wealth of a seventeenth-century bishop in a remote diocese contained in this Will, nor by reason of the good use which he made of his riches, are certain passages in the document selected for quotation. These are, indeed, matters well worthy to be noticed, but the principal object is frankly to entertain the reader, and at the same time to present to him a glimpse of the past. The whole instrument is marked by an outspoken quaintness which is distinctly amusing. If it was the custom then, as it is still in old-fashioned Welsh families, to read a dead man's will aloud, after the funeral service and the funeral baked-meats, in the presence of those who might

expect to be interested in it, it is easy to reconstruct the scene. First, before that July of 1616 was merged in August, came the funeral, and the interment 'near the high altar in the choir of the Cathedral of Bangor.' Thus much is learned from a note to the copy of the Will, which, after stating that 'this worthy prelate lived but five days after the day of the execution of this Will,' continues:

This good bishop a month before his death caus'd a monument to be erected in the north wall of the church near the rails of the altar, about 5 feet from the ground, whereon were placed 2 busts in alabaster, representing his near kinsman, friend and brother Richard Vaughan, late Lord Bishop of Bangor, and himself: with an inscription upon a marble tablet placed between, running in these words, viz.: 'Piae memoriæ duorum episcoporum in hac ecclesiâ proxime succedentium, qui fuerunt contiguae nati, coetanei, sibi invicem chari, condiscipuli, et consanguinei, ex illustri familiâ Vachanorum de Tallwnbont in Evionith. Prior filius Thomæ ap Robert Vaughan generosi de Nyffryn in Llyn; qui sedem hanc per triennium tenuit, deinde Cestrensem per septem annos, postea Londinensem per triennium, ubi vitam mensis Martii ultimo anno Domini 1607 immaturâ morte commutavit. Cujus virtus post funera vivit. Posterior Henricus filius Rolandi ap Robert Armigeri de Milltwyrn in Llôn.'

We notice now, the mourners probably did not observe then, that the district of Carnarvonshire at present called Lleyln is spelled in two different ways in the inscription; but it may well have been the case, even then, that for a bishop to provide his own tombstone and bust was noteworthy, as a piece of forethought, or of vanity, according to the moods of the observers. The funeral over, they would walk to 'my Mansion in Bangor,' situate probably where the Bishop's Palace, recently sold, stands in the Bishop's Park, a few hundred yards from the Cathedral. Here, as the Will was read, and as the blunt comments of the dead bishop were heard, it may well be that many a listener changed his mind upon the question whether the alabaster bust and the inscription were monuments of consideration or of conceit; and here, doubtless, many were sadly disappointed.

The preamble of the Will is more than commonly august, even for the seventeenth century:

In nomine Dei—Amen. Considering and pondering how, by the goodness of Almighty God, I have been created and made a living understanding creature of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting, and thereby ordained and appointed to serve him in this world for the time of my being, as my Creator and Redeemer, and born also of Christian parents and Christened by Holy baptism according to this Holy institution in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, 3 distinct persons but one God in Trinity . . . and that in the time of King Edward the 6th, and consequently in my childhood brought up in School, and by the care of my good father after some years sent to the University of Oxford where I took my degrees of School—'

Here at once is a picture of days long past, and some light is shed on a modern controversy. The bishop, born in the days of Edward VI., clearly did not regard that king as the 'Spoiler of Schools' whom Mr. Arthur Leach has described; unless indeed 'consequently' means 'afterwards,' which is not in the least likely. Then it is legitimate to wonder in what manner he made the long journey to Oxford. As to that the probability is that, like other Welsh undergraduates of early times concerning whom records are kept, he rode once a year as far as Chester or Birmingham upon a Welsh cob (*kefyl bach da*), and thence, after selling his beast, made his way onwards by coach. That, at any rate, was the practice in the seventeenth century. But were there stage-coaches in the sixteenth century when Henry Rowlands went to Jesus College, or did he have to ride all the way? 'Nimrod,' in 'The Chase, the Road, and the Turf' (Arnold, 1898), cannot give the date of the earliest stage-coach, but can tell us that there were six (of which the Chester coach is sure to have been one) in 1662. Or, it may be, Rolandus ap Robert Armiger was able to send the bishop of the future in a travelling coach of his own. In any case it must have been a tedious business.

Next, after his brief autobiography and statement of his faith, of which there has been a good deal more than is quoted, the bishop proceeds 'to bequeath and commend' his soul 'in the multitude of God the Father's mercies,' adding some specific directions concerning the treatment of the said soul, in which the episcopal habit of command and the humility of the Christian are deliciously blended. Then follow more mundane affairs:

I do first give and bequeath to the Dean and Chapter of this Cathedral Church of Bangor towards the reparation of it 20*l*. Lawfull English money to be delivered by my Exōrs to the said Dean and Chapter beseeching them in the bowels of J. Ch. to see the sd sum truly and lawfully employed towards the covering of the body of the Church towards the Steeple where it hath most need. What care I took with the Temple while I was Bishop, and in what state I found it, *others do know*; and, tho' I leave it in far better state than it was, yet *God knows* it hath need of being daily looked into, having no other maintenance but the Bishop's benevolence and his Clergy from time to time.

Many small donations to the poor and for the reparation of churches follow, and then a sentence which must have depressed not a little the expectant relatives:

Now, concerning my kindred after the flesh. Forasmuch as they are many and myself but one, and that my estate will not extend to do for them as I would and as they expect, and that I am bound to prefer God's glory before flesh and blood, I pray them therefore to be pleased that I do for them as I may and as my ability serveth.

Were they pleased? Was 'my eldest sister Marsty Rowland, apparently a spinster of mature years, satisfied with 10*l.*, considerable sum as it was in those days? What were the views of Hugh Rowland when he heard the attorney read—

Item: I give and bequeath unto my nephew Hugh Rowland son and heir of my brother Edward Rowland in his time a wise man but the said Hugh his son an unthrift and never advised by me the sum of 5*l.*?

Or was the 'unthrift' Hugh careful to avoid the funeral lest he should hear his uncle's opinions, which were doubtless familiar to him? These are two among many legacies, for the bishop was right in saying of his kindred, 'as they are many and myself but one,' and sometimes he finds himself in doubt as to their full names and addresses; at others he adds a sympathetic or caustic comment. 5*l.*, for example, go to 'my brother-in-law Maurice Griffith his eldest son (I know his name be Evan),' while 'the said Maurice's daughter that is unmarried named Ellin' comes in for 20 marks. Other items are quaint:

It: to poor Henry Rice, now in London, son of my nephew Thomas David Rees deceased 10*l.* . . . It: to one Gwen, another daughter of my sister Ellin Rowland, a poor creature, married I think in Llangian: It: I give and bequeath to poor Edward Griffith's wife the daughter of Marsty Rowland my sister, 5*l.*

So that one begins to doubt whether Marsty was a spinster after all, especially as 'another poor daughter of my sister Marsty' obtains a pound less. John Wynne, already blessed with 3*l.* to buy 'a ring to wear in remembrance of me,' as are several others, is presented with 'the 2nd or 3rd best nagg that I shall have at the time of my death.'

It: I give and bequeath to my God-daughter, I think her name be Anne Vaughan, the daughter of my dear brother and cozin Richd Vaughan, late Lord Bishop of London, that is now with my Lord Bishop of Norwich, her brother-in-law, or with her mother 10*l.*

To think that the bishop could forget, as easily as we can now, the very names of his God-children, even in the case of one *ex illustri familiâ Vachanorum*!

So we go on with rings and little legacies, including one to 'my cousin-German Rowland Hughes, Preacher and Minister of God's Holy Word in *Hartfordshire* and parson of *Isendon* and *Little Barkinstead* there,' until 'to my cousin William Williams I abate 5*l.* of the money he is to pay me for tithe.'

Many other poor cousins I may have which truly my memory cannot remember, nor ability reach to do for them: I wot well I cannot please them all, but my meaning is good, and I hope I shall please God, which is my only and chief desire.

The bequest which follows is of a farm called Llyslew, in the Comot of Menai in the County of Anglesey, in the occupation of Evan ap Eliza at an annual rent on lease of 30*l.*, a farm concerning the tenancy of which there has been much stir of recent years. It is given to 'my brother, Thomas Rowland for life,' with a prayer that Evan ap Eliza (the use of the 'metronymic' is distinctly curious) be not removed so long as he shall pay his rent Thomas Rowland receives also 50*l.* 'to stock his tenement'—

2 oxen such as I have, and 6 beasts of 3 years old and 40 sheep and if [here there is a gap in which it was clearly intended to suggest that Thomas might predecease the bishop] to his poor wife to buy her some stay of living, or else the money to remain in Mr. Richard Wynne's one of my Exōrs hands to watch her need, for I fear he [clearly Thomas] will not stay long behind me, if he go not before, wherewith if he be not pleased I give him nothing at all.

After this life interest Llysław—differently spelled this time—is given, devised and bequeathed to certain feoffees 'towards the maintenance of a free grammar school to be erected at Milltwyrn or Bottwnog in Llŷn, if it may be where I was born and Xtened.'

Thus, if Milltwyrn and Bottwnog be the same, as they probably are, is solved the question which has always puzzled me, why a pious founder planted a grammar school at Bottwnog, which even now stands in a desolate and sparsely inhabited district. It may be interesting to note in passing that to this foundation, by good Bishop Rowlands, the present Bishop of St. Davids owed his start in life. Elaborate directions are given. The stipend of the schoolmaster, who is to be 'unmarried, a good scholar, and a Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, and an Englishman (if it may be) for the language,' is fixed at 20*l.* The last phrase quoted may be of doubtful interpretation. It may be that the bishop thought it well for Welsh lads to be taught by an Englishman; or it may be that he simply desired that the schoolmaster should be competent in the English language. But surely the last stipulation must always have been superfluous in the case of a Master of Arts of Oxford. For the stipend, so far as can be judged, it was quite enough to tempt good masters. William of Wykeham (Kirby's 'Annals of Winchester College': London, Frowde, 1892) gave his warden 20*l.*, his schoolmaster 10*l.*, and his usher 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and when these stipends were raised in 1560, it was only to the figures 23*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*, 11*l.* 10*s.*, and 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* Provision is made for the continuance of the feoffees as a body corporate, for 'displacing and removing the said schoolmasters when by their negligence and bad usage of themselves' (nothing is said of the boys) 'they minister and give occasion.'

After this lands are provided for two fellowships at Jesus College, Oxford, to be given to 'two fit scholars, one from my said school in Llân or Bangor School, the other from the school of Beaumaris in Anglesey,' with a proviso that 'if there be any of my blood fit and capable for any of these places my will and desire is that they be chosen (*cæteris paribus*) before any other.' This Bishop of Bangor, like his great predecessor of the fourteenth century, was not unmindful of the claims of Founder's kin.

Some private and personal provisions come next, with a contingent remainder to Jesus College for a third fellowship; provisions mainly interesting as showing the extent of the bishop's real estate. Care is taken, too, to provide for 'the bringing up of the little boy that is with me, the son of my nephew Henry Rowlands, sometime Goldsmith in London, and keeping of him in school, by finding him of ordinary wearing apparel, whom I knows my wife will keep during her time.' The bishop also, in a passage too long for quotation, tries to ensure a marriage between little Henry Rowlands, when he shall grow up, and either of the two younger daughters of his 'good kinsman David Owen,' or, failing either of them through unwillingness on either side, between Henry Rowlands and any of the daughters of Edmund Griffith, Dean of Bangor. Certainly the bishop was one who wished, in the widest sense of the words, to set his house in order, to make the dead hand felt.

To his wife Frances he gives the moiety of all his personal property, 'without fraud or deceit,' and, in lieu of her 'thirds,' certain lands which he vows are worth more. 'I mean well to her according to her deserts . . . wherewith if she be not well pleas'd, let her take her thirds where it falleth to her according to law, which will be to her more trouble.' Later 'she is fully answered with more than her thirds come to as she may learn from best friends.' On her decease provision is to be made for two more scholarships of 3*l.* a year, tenable anywhere apparently, the scholars to be chosen from sundry named parishes. The scholars are to be 'Hutchins scholars,' because 'my wife's brother, one Mr. Hutchins, a gentleman in Gloucestershire, bequeathed a 100*l.* to my hands to the use of the school, wherein to discharge my conscience and his trust reposed in me I therefore charge my lands with that annuity of six pounds.' In the interim the bishop seems to have kept the 100*l.* for his own use. The Court of Equity may have found some difficulty in deciding which school was meant; but surely there was something approaching to hypocrisy in the

concluding phrase on this head. 'This my caution is that my will and this my legacy in the discharge of trust in me by that good and religious gentleman repos'd may be performed which I prefer and respect more than my natural affection for my blood.'

For the foundation of almshouses, lands are given and precise regulations are laid down. The trustees are to 'maintain and find six poor almsmen, old and impotent, of honest name and fame, to attend Divine service in the Church of Bangor for ever Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays allowing towards their maintenance 2s. a week apiece to be paid by the hands of my said feoffees by order among themselves for ever. One of the Vicars of Bangor if he be found a staid and trusty man to be employ'd always therein, and further and above the said stipend of 2s. a piece 6 yards of good white frize apiece to make them gowns towards winter every year.' The almsmen are to be 'displaced when they are found culpable in any notorious crime' (these are specified), 'or also found remiss and negligent in repairing to the church at the time appointed, and my care is that they shall all be single men and without wives.' Again the testator hopes 'there will be a good overplus for the reparation and to buy them gowns yearly and bedsteads and flock beds and two pair of coarse sheets for each one.'

'My great charger of silver' is bequeathed to 'Simon Williams Gent and to my niece Margaret his wife . . . as an Heirlong (*sic*) to his house so long as the inheritance thereof remaineth in the line of Rowland ap Robert my father, praying that it may not be mortgaged or pawned except upon some great cause.' Ellin Trygarn, daughter of 'poor John Trygarn my nephew lately deceased' secures '20*l.*, a milch cow, a young bullock and a feather bed towards her preferment in marriage,' subject to the consent of the then Dean, 'and not to marry without his consent or else never to have a penny of it.' More beasts are disposed of; books, including 'all St. Austin's works which I have in the new edition,' and 'my new Bible in English printed in the King's time,' go to various named persons; so does 'my fair new standing gilt piece with the cover which is upon it.' Griffith Hughes, a cousin and executor, receives '10*l.* towards the bestowing of his daughter Alice, and 5*l.* to his wife, and 5*l.* to himself, what I give to his I reckon to be given to him, and in regard to my kindness always to him.' 'It: I leave to my successor Bishop of Bangor all the Portalls and Wainscote about the house, which cost me a great deal of money, and what reparation I did to the house and what addition of new building others do know.'

These are but selections. Scores of other bequests there are of a 'great tankard,' of a 'fair standing bed,' of chests and barrels, and of 'one Irish cadow' (which was a kind of blanket), of milch cows and bullocks, and of money in pounds, nobles, and marks. Twenty of the last-named coins are disposed of after the amusing explanation: 'Whereas I intended a good turn unto Evan Roberts cler. parson of Llanystindwy who married a neice of mine, and am prevented by death, I cannot do it in my love and favor unto him.' So Evan Roberts, already possessed of one of the best livings in the diocese, was consoled with 20 marks, while 'my poor sister Gwen Rowland which dwelleth about Penmon somewhere'—only a few miles from Bangor—is presented with 8*l*. Memorial rings, or moneys to buy them withal, are left in great numbers; and an idea of the state of the roads is given by bequests to mend one 'very bad and dangerous way' with gravel and stones, and towards the making of 'a bridge of timber and stones over the river of Rhydhir in the way to Pwllheli, which swelleth out many times and is dangerous unto travellers that pass that way.' The good bishop had clearly had his eyes open, and perhaps his bones shaken, when he went upon his diocesan pilgrimages.

Most entertaining of all are the bishop's directions for his own funeral. 'My funeral I leave to the discretion of you my exōrs praying you to see me interred to God's glory and credit of my place and calling, towards which I hope you shall find in my house and grounds all necessary provisions. And further I allow in money towards the same one hundred marks to be bestowed as you shall think good and fitting: but especially 12 gowns of good warm frize 6 or 7 yards in a gown, Shrewsbury frize if it cannot be had in the country, to 12 poor men. And as much frize as shall make 12 long gowns unto 12 poor women that shall go before my corps. I do not mean this white paltry flannen (*sic*), or black foolish cotton, but good boarded frize whatever it cost 20*d*. or 2*s*. a yard, that will be some warmth unto them: and for blacks I leave all to the discretion of my exōrs, but I will not have my wife or my [] David Owen omitted, nor any of you my exōrs.'

Such were the last directions of Bishop Rowlands, and enough has been extracted from his Will to show that he was one of those rare men, meticulous to a point approaching absurdity, who are yet capable of conceiving and accomplishing great projects. The whole forms an interesting glimpse of the past.

J. E. VINCENT.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

XI. THE HOME CIVIL SERVICE.

'My youngster's a good steady fellow, did capitally at school, took a high class in Mods., and his tutor says he'll do the same in Greats: but what's the practical value of a so-called liberal education in the real struggle of life? He has to earn his own keep, and to make his own way. The open professions are hopelessly crowded; he has no special aptitudes, no prospects of some snug berth in a family business, and he's too old for the Army and Navy. Are Public Schools a failure, or is the 'Varsity played out? for neither of them seems to have fitted him for the future.' How often one hears this bitter wail from a distracted parent!

It is just such a lad as this that the open competition for Class I. of the Home Civil Service is designed to attract. The theory of selection laid down for the Indian Service as long ago as the year 1854 by a Committee presided over by Lord Macaulay, and subsequently adopted for the Home Service as well, cannot be better described than in the Committee's own words:

Our opinion is that the examination ought to be confined to those branches of knowledge to which it is desirable that English gentlemen who mean to remain at home should pay some attention. . . . We think it most desirable that the examination should be of such a nature that no candidate who may fail shall, to whatever calling he may betake himself, have any reason to regret the time and labour which he spent in preparing himself to be examined. . . . We believe that men who have been engaged, up to one or two and twenty, in studies which have no immediate connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found, in the business of every profession, superior to men who have, at eighteen or nineteen, devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling.

This sentiment is echoed by the last Royal Commission upon the Home Civil Service. Their report, issued in 1888, says, 'We have no doubt that it will always be necessary to introduce a very limited number of men by means of a higher examination to fill directly some of the more important posts of the public service. We think it an object of the most serious importance that men of the same standard of liberal education as those who now adopt the open professions should be attracted into the public service, and trained there for selection for the highest permanent posts.'

With this object in view the Civil Service Commissioners, who are responsible for conducting the examinations, have so arranged them as to catch the University man immediately upon his exit from the undergraduate chrysalis. The date is invariably fixed for the beginning of August, so as to follow close upon the Final Schools of Oxford and Cambridge; the candidate's age must be over twenty-two and under twenty-four; and the scheme of examination is drawn on lines wide and searching enough to include all subjects recognised in the Honour Schools of the various Universities and no others. Its details are shown in the following extract from the official notice issued by the Commissioners:

At the Examinations, exercises will be set in the following subjects only, the maximum of marks for each subject being fixed as follows; viz. :—

	Marks
English Composition	500
Sanskrit Language and Literature	500
Arabic Language and Literature	500
Greek Language and Literature	750
Latin Language and Literature	750
English Language and Literature (including special period named by the Commissioners)	500
French Language and Literature	500
German Language and Literature	500
Mathematics (pure and applied)	900
Advanced Mathematical subjects (pure and applied)	900
Natural Science, i.e. any number not exceeding three of the following subjects :—	
Chemistry	600
Physics	600
Geology	600
Botany	600
Zoology	600
Animal Physiology	600
Greek History (Ancient, including Constitution)	400
Roman History (Ancient, including Constitution)	400
English History	500
General Modern History (period to be selected by Candidates from list in the syllabus issued by the Commissioners, one period at least to include Indian History)	500
Logic and Mental Philosophy (Ancient and Modern)	400
Moral Philosophy (Ancient and Modern)	400
Political Economy and Economic History	500
Political Science (including Analytical Jurisprudence, Early History of Institutions, and Theory of Legislation)	500
Roman Law	500
English Law. Under the head of 'English Law' shall be included the following subjects, viz. :—(1) Law of Contract; (2) Law of Evidence; (3) Law of Constitution; (4) Criminal Law; (5) Law of Real Property; and of these five subjects Candidates shall be at liberty to offer any four, but not more than four	500

Candidates will be at liberty to offer themselves for examination in any or all of these subjects. No subjects are obligatory.

Under a change of system effected a few years ago, the examination is now held simultaneously with those for the Indian Civil Service and Eastern Cadetships (age-limits under twenty-three and twenty-four respectively), the candidates being allowed, so far as their age permits, to enter their names for all three competitions, and, if successful, to choose between the services according to their place in the examination. The extent of the competition in this amalgamated examination is shown in the following table :—

Date of Competition	Number Examined	Number Appointed			
		Home Civil Service	Indian Civil Service	Eastern Cadets	Total
1896	228	20	61	18	99
1897	269	28	67	16	111
1898	224	20	63	25	108
1899	264	27	54	22	103
1900	263	23	52	18	93
1901	241	27	47	18	92

To enable an intending competitor to judge of his chances by his past record, the following conspectus of the successful candidates in the year 1900 is given.

1900.

Place in Amalgamated Examination and Department to which assigned	School and College	Total Marks
2. Colonial Office .	Eton; New Coll., Oxford; 1st Cl. Mods., 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.; Fellow of All Souls.	3,648
5. Correspondence Department, India Office.	St. Paul's; Trinity, Cambridge; 1st Cl. Classical Tripos, Parts I. and II.	3,261
6. Admiralty . .	University Coll. Sch.; New Coll., Oxford; 1st Cl. Mods.; 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.	3,171
8. Board of Trade .	City of London Sch.; Trinity, Cambridge; 6th Wrangler.	3,128
9. General Post Office	St. Paul's; Queen's, Oxford; 2nd Cl. Mods.; 3rd Cl. Lit. Hum.	3,072
10. Inland Revenue .	St. Paul's; Balliol, Oxford; 1st Cl. Mods.; 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.; Hertford, Ireland, and Craven Scholar.	3,060
14. War Office . .	Royal High Sch., Edinb.; Edinb. Univ.; 1st Cl. Honours in Classics, M.A.; Balliol, Oxford; 1st Cl. Mods.	2,967
15. Stores Department, India Office .	Eton; King's, Cambridge; 1st Cl. Classical Tripos.	2,945
16. War Office . .	Merchant Taylors'; St. John's, Oxford; 2nd Cl. Mods.; 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.	2,934
17. Local Government Board, England.	Keith Public Sch.; Aberdeen Univ.; 1st Cl. Honours in Classics, M.A. Balliol, Oxford; 2nd Cl. Mods.	2,904

Place in Amalgamated Examination and Department to which assigned	School and College	Total Marks
21. Admiralty . . .	Manchester Gr. Sch. ; Wadham, Oxford ; 1st Cl. Mods. ; 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.	2,765
22. Accountant-General's Department, India Office . . .	Manchester Gr. Sch. ; Brasenose, Oxford ; 1st Cl. Mods. ; 1st Cl. Lit. Hum.	2,752
23. Local Government Board, England.	King Edward's Sch., Birmingham ; Trinity, Cambridge ; 1st Cl. Classical Tripos, Parts I. and II.	2,735
27. Local Government Board, England.	Liverpool Coll. ; Univ. Coll., Liverpool, Victoria Univ. ; 1st Cl. Honours in Maths., B.Sc. ; Trinity, Cambridge ; 14th Wrangler ; 2nd Cl. Nat. Sc. Tripos.	2,682
29. Admiralty . . .	Methodist Coll., Belfast ; Edinb. Univ. ; 1st Cl. Honours in Classics, M.A.	2,663
33. Board of Trade . . .	Central Foundation Sch., London ; St. John's, Cambridge ; 14th Wrangler.	2,621
37. Admiralty . . .	George Watson's Coll., Edinb. ; Edinb. Univ. ; 2nd Class Honours in Classics, M.A.	2,564
40. Public Record Office, Ireland . . .	Rockwell Coll., Cashel ; Royal Univ. of Ireland ; 1st Cl. Honours, B.A.	2,548
42. Admiralty . . .	Eastbourne Coll. ; New Coll., Oxford ; 2nd Cl. Mods. ; 2nd Cl. Lit. Hum.	2,525
46. Local Government Board, England.	High Sch., Newcastle ; King's, Cambridge ; 16th Wrangler.	2,485
47. Local Government Board, England.	Charterhouse ; Trinity, Oxford ; 1st Cl. Mods. ; 2nd Cl. Lit. Hum.	2,480
48. Assistant Surveyor in the Surveyor's Department, General Post Office . . .	Aldenham Sch. ; Clare, Cambridge ; 2nd Cl. Classical Tripos.	2,478
59. Public Record Office, Ireland . . .	Belvedere Coll., Dublin ; Univ. Coll., Dublin ; R. Univ. of Ireland ; Honours in Maths., B.A.	2,271

A printed list of the regulations, examination papers, and competitors' marks in each fresh examination is issued yearly by the Civil Service Commissioners and can be obtained from Eyre & Spottiswoode's through any bookseller (price 1s.). Intending candidates cannot do better than obtain copies of these returns for the last two or three years, and see for themselves how closely the papers correspond to those set in the Honour Schools of the Universities, and which subjects demand the most attention. Speaking generally, the more subjects a candidate knows fairly well, the better his chances. In 1901, for instance, the gentleman who headed the list took up every subject except Mathematics, Natural Sciences, French, German and Arabic, and gained the exceptionally high number of 5,382 marks. But it is quite useless to attempt to make mere quantity compensate for lack of quality ; for, to quote the regulations,

The marks assigned to Candidates in each branch (except in Mathematics and English Composition) will be subject to such deduction as the Civil Service Commissioners may deem necessary in order to secure that 'a Candidate be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer.'

Information as to the dates and details of the examinations, and the method of entering for them, can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners at Burlington House; but the anxious parent may be glad of one word of advice which that august body would denounce tooth and nail. It could do no possible harm, and might do great good, if his undergraduate son were to discuss with one of the leading crammers how best to combine reading for the schools with reading for the Civil Service examination. When Greats or Finals are safely past, the youngster must judge for himself whether part of the short interval before the Civil Service examination might not be profitably spent in working under the Crammer's guidance. *Experto crede.*

On the banks of Cam a complaint is sometimes heard that the Civil Service examination is based on Oxford breadth rather than on Cambridge depth of reading, but this charge is not endorsed by Cambridge men who have successfully passed the ordeal. It is doubtless true that of late years the larger proportion of successful candidates has come from Oxford; but the more likely explanation is that the Civil Service is more 'the fashion' in that University; and for the actual purposes of the competition it may be safely assumed that one University is as good as another.

But the still puzzled parents will say—Agreed that this examination, far from conflicting with the 'Varsity course, merely supplements it, and agreed that, even if the lad is unsuccessful, he will not at any rate have lost precious time in trying his luck in the open competition; still, what is this Class I. of the Home Civil Service?

Put shortly, Class I. is the Higher or First Division of the clerks (so-called) in the great majority of the various Government Departments. There are still a few offices—for instance, the Foreign, Education, and Houses of Lords and Commons Offices, the British Museum, and the Legal Departments—where the elsewhere discredited system of nomination, followed by a limited competition or merely by a qualifying examination, is still in force; but to almost all the great departments of the State the entrance lies through the Class I. Competition, which is open to all British subjects. Save in very exceptional cases which may for present purposes be ignored, it is through this door alone that

admission is obtained to the deliberative and executive ranks of the permanent staff which stands unseen behind every responsible Minister of the Government.

The examination, as has been said, is held regularly every August; but the vacancies in the various offices naturally do not occur with equal regularity, and this introduces an unavoidable element of uncertainty. When a new Higher Division Clerk is required, the Head of the Department has three alternatives open to him. He may wait till the next examination; he may take the senior unsuccessful candidate at the last competition; or he may effect the transfer of a clerk from some other department, thus creating a similar vacancy in the latter department. His action will depend largely on the date on which the vacancy occurs. The aim of the Civil Service Commissioners' Regulations is to supply the requirements of the whole service during the ensuing six months as well as for the immediate present. In 1900, for instance, there were only eleven, and in 1901 only four, vacancies at the actual date of the competition, but these numbers were raised to twenty-three and twenty-seven respectively by the occurrence of subsequent vacancies. Consequently, as soon as the results of the examination are declared, the successful candidates are called upon to make the momentous choice explained in the following regulation :—

Out of the list resulting from each examination will be filled (provided there be Candidates duly qualified) :—

- (a.) All the vacancies in Class I. which may have been reported to the Civil Service Commissioners up to the date of the announcement of the result of the Examination;
- (b.) Any additional vacancies occurring within six months from the date of the announcement of the result of the Examination, which the Head of the Department may desire to have so filled.

Candidates will be allowed to choose, according to their place on the list, among the vacancies (a) for which they are duly qualified; or they may elect to wait for the chance of a vacancy (b). When vacancies (b) occur, they will be offered in rotation to the qualified Candidates then on the list, who will be free to decline them without forfeiting their claim to subsequent vacancies (b).

If none of the vacancies offered are in first-rate departments, the dissatisfied candidate must judge for himself whether to enter a second-rate office, with the possible chance of being transferred later to a first-rate one, or to wait for the possible offer of a better appointment within six months, or, if he is still under twenty-three years old, to return to his text-books and re-enter for the

next examination in August following. The choice in each case must depend on the individual. Brown must begin to earn his living without delay; Jones has private means and can afford to wait. Smith has almost reached the fatal age of twenty-four; Robinson is a year younger. Dick hears privately that a vacancy is expected immediately in a first-rate department and that it will be filled from the Open Competition list; Harry is confident that the Home Office or Treasury, as soon as a vacancy occurs, will move heaven and earth to obtain his transfer, in whatever other department he may start life. The only general advice which it is possible to give doubting Thomases is that they should consult some sensible Civil servant who knows the working of the Government machine and can ascertain the prospective requirements of the leading departments.

The difference in the prospects offered by the various public offices, which causes the choice to be so momentous, is due to two elements, one constant, the other uncertain. The constant element is the number and scale of salary of the various grades into which the higher division staff of each department is divided; the uncertain is the ages of the existing staff, on which the prospects of promotion mainly depend. The latter can only be ascertained through friends already in the Service; the numbers and salaries are detailed in the Estimates annually presented to Parliament and published, or in such handbooks as Whitaker's Almanack.

The following table gives a rough conspectus of the numbers of Higher Division Clerks of different grades in a few prominent departments:

Initial salary of Grade	£150	£200	£500 or £550	£600 or £625	£700 or £725	£800 or £850	£900	£1,000
Treasury	—	11	—	—	7	—	—	4
Home Office	—	8	—	—	4	—	3	1
Colonial Office	—	19	—	7	—	7	—	1
War Office	25	—	—	12	—	6	—	4
Admiralty (Secretariat)	12	—	—	6	—	3	—	1
Board of Trade	10	—	7	—	5	—	—	4
Local Government Board	34	—	12	11	—	—	—	5
Post Office	23	—	13	9	—	—	—	6
Inland Revenue (Secretariat)	13	—	—	8	4	5	—	—

Above this establishment, again, there are in each department one or two more highly paid officers, such as the Permanent

Secretaries, who are usually, though not necessarily, chosen from the existing staff. In some cases, too, there are prospects of appointments not in the ordinary course of promotion and perhaps quite outside the department; and in every office there are private secretaryships and occasional acting appointments carrying special allowances—all of which make it still more difficult to compare the relative advantages of different departments. Perhaps the Colonial Office offers the most appointments outside; the Admiralty has a large number of private secretaries; and the Treasury is usually regarded as the best office all round for pay and general prospects.

The rates given in the top column of the foregoing table show the *commencing* salaries of the different classes in various departments. The annual increments and the maximum rates are as follows:

Treasury			Home Office			Colonial Office			War Office		
£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
200—	20—	500	200—	20—	500	200—	20—	500	150—	{ 15—	300
										{ 20—	500
700—	25—	900	700—	25—	800	600—	25—	800	600—	25—	800
1,000—	50—	1,200	900—	50—	1,000	850—	50—	1,000	850—	50—	1,000
			1,000—	50—	1,200	1,000—	{ after 5 yrs. }	1,200			1,000

Admiralty			Board of Trade			Local Government Board			Post Office			Inland Revenue		
£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
150—	{ 15—	300	150—	15—	450	150—	{ 15—	300	150—	{ 15—	300	150—	{ 15—	300
	{ 20—	500					{ 20—	500		{ 20—	500		{ 20—	500
600—	25—	800	550—	20—	650	500—	20—	600	500—	20—	600	600—	25—	700
850—	50—	1,000	700—	25—	900	625—	25—	800	625—	25—	800	725—	25—	800
(Do. with 200% allowance)			1000—	50—	1200	1000—	50—	1200	1000—	{ after 5 yrs. }	1200	825—	25—	900

At last the great choice is made, and our young hopeful of twenty-two or twenty-three, after passing a mild medical examination, finds himself definitely established as a 'junior' inside a Public Department. He is attached to one of the several Divisions into which every office is subdivided. There he perhaps finds one or two other juniors already settled under the supervision of a senior clerk who in turn is directly subordinate to the Principal Clerk or Assistant Secretary at the head of the Division. Above the latter, again, are the Permanent Secretary and the Parliamentary Ministers.

The new entrant, fresh from lands where afternoons are always holiday, will probably find the work considerably more severe than he had expected. In the good old days, the Government Clerk was said to play, like the Trafalgar Square fountains, from 12 to 4 o'clock; but the salutary effects of open competition have now made themselves felt throughout the Service; a keen and strenuous spirit prevails everywhere, and if the new-comer wishes to succeed, he must work quite as hard as, if not harder than, most of his contemporaries in City businesses or the open professions. He will find, also, that the charges of pedantry and red-tapism so commonly showered on Public Departments are no more than any private firm would have to face if it was compelled to keep a complete record of all its decisions and to justify them before the innumerable search-lights of the House of Commons, and that a Government Clerk has as much opportunity of doing first-rate work as any professional man. Indeed, it may be said at once that the term 'Clerk' is a complete misnomer so far as the Higher Division is concerned. The merely *clerical* business is done by subordinate officers ranging from Second Division Clerks down to Boy Copyists; and the new 'junior,' as soon as he finds his legs, will realise that even *his* work is largely of a deliberative and consultative character, more akin to that of a managing clerk in the world outside. The danger will be lest he mistake himself for a Statesman—a complaint from which most young 'Competition Wallahs' suffer for a while, and which the older hands watch with more amusement than sympathy; but he will soon learn that he is only a small wheel in a great machine. Meanwhile the general scheme of work in ordinary departments is well adapted to bring out his best capacities. It is a system of filtration upwards. The papers assigned to his division are sent first to him, and he may *précis* them, supplement and criticise them, and advise, to the best of his knowledge, what action should be taken. His suggestions are accepted or rejected by his senior clerk, whose decision is in turn reviewed by the head of the division. Really important cases are passed on to the Permanent Secretary, and by him to the Ministerial Heads of the Office; and then the great wheel of departmental machinery completes its circuit, and the papers are returned to the junior 'for execution,' as the phrase runs.

The duties are regular and in their early stages (until he gets a grip of them) monotonous. Public offices are worked on a seven-hour basis, in most cases from eleven to six o'clock, with an

interval for luncheon either inside or outside the building. If there is any pressure of work, he may be kept after six, but he is not likely at first to be detained much later or obliged to take papers home. His quarters will be fairly comfortable, and he may even get a room to himself; and his official confrères are mostly of his own type and social standing. His annual leave is fixed at thirty-six week days during his first ten years and forty-eight afterwards, exclusive of public holidays; he can usually get his alternate Saturday afternoons, and the sick-leave regulations (should he fall ill) are certainly liberal. His evenings being his own, it is a great advantage to belong to a good club, and the father who thinks of sending his boy into the Service should bear this in mind. As for London friends, the more he has the entrée of good society the better. The man of the world who is accustomed to mix with his fellows and can meet influential politicians or wealthy City men on equal terms is a far more useful public servant than the shy student whose horizon is limited by the four walls of his office, and is far more likely to be selected for important appointments, administrative or otherwise.

As to his income, the position was explained to the House of Commons by a late Secretary to the Treasury as follows: 'There are nineteen big State Departments. In five of these—the Treasury, the Colonial, Home, Scotch, and Irish Offices—the commencing salary of a junior clerk of the Higher Division is 200*l.* a year, while in the other fourteen offices the commencing salary, varying slightly, is about 150*l.*' It is paid monthly in every case. Roughly speaking, the cost of living in West End lodgings cannot be put at less than 300*l.*, and a salary starting at 200*l.* and rising by 20*l.* a year will not reach this amount for five years. Until it does, the young Civil servant will need help from outside. But if he has given promise of intelligence and tact, and if his path is not blocked by a set of youngish seniors, he may very likely, even during his first five years, obtain some acting appointment, the Secretaryship of some Committee, or the private secretaryship to one of the Heads of his Department, which will bring him an extra allowance varying from 50*l.* or 100*l.* to (in rare cases where his chief is a Cabinet Minister) as much as 300*l.* a year.

With the appointment of private Secretary to a Parliamentary Minister, his official life will be suddenly changed. The steady and regular routine will be converted into a wild scurry of work against time, long attendances at 'the House,' late hours, strange

interviews with angry or hungry applicants, and all the active polemics of Parliament. Hitherto his political chiefs have hardly been aware of his existence; and it is needless to enlarge upon the obvious advantages of direct personal contact with the statesmen who are ultimately responsible for the appointment to high permanent offices. The commander of a ship will naturally prefer a subordinate whose merits he has learnt by experience to one whose capacity he only knows by hearsay; and human nature is much the same in a Postmaster-General as in a post-captain.

Given good luck, a 'junior' in a first-rate office, on nearing thirty, may be getting altogether, with the help of an extra allowance of some sort, something like 400*l.* or 450*l.* a year, and it ought not to be many years more before his time comes for promotion to the class above. 'Promotion of officers from one class to another,' says the controlling Order in Council, 'shall be strictly according to merit,' but this test is not as stringently applied in the lower as in the higher ranks, and it is but seldom that a junior is promoted out of his order in seniority. Our hero, who has probably entered his thirties some time ago, now finds his salary increased to (say) 600*l.*, but has to surrender any extra allowance he has been receiving, except in certain rare cases. His work becomes more responsible and his hours longer. He has to supervise some of his former colleagues, to fix the ultimate decision on minor cases, and to take the place of the head of his division in the latter's absence. His annual increment is raised from 20*l.* to 25*l.*, and his thoughts will perhaps 'lightly turn' towards matrimony. If so, it is probably useless to warn him that, considering the cost of keeping up appearances in a place like London, wedlock without fair private means is a dangerous experiment at this stage; but that is another story, as Kipling says. Meanwhile he is now eligible for an outside appointment, should chance offer. Failing that, he must patiently await promotion to the class above, which may be either the headship of a division or an intermediate rank, according to the organisation of the office in which he is serving. These higher promotions are made strictly by merit; but assuming that he has maintained his early promise, he may with good fortune find himself, before reaching the middle forties, at the top of the official tree, with a salary approximating to four figures. Above him, and between him and the Parliamentary Ministers of the department, there remain (let us say) the Permanent and Assistant Secretaries with salaries of 2,000*l.* and 1,500*l.*

respectively, and to these posts he may still look forward unless his way is blocked by colleagues of his own age and rank, or unless the vacancies are filled by an appointment from outside; or he may be selected to fill some outside commissionership or similar appointment. Otherwise, even in the best offices, his pay cannot ever exceed 1200*l.* a year.

The work of these top posts is harder, and the hours longer, than the outside world imagines. It is rumoured that in the Treasury last year four out of the six head officials broke down, and that the policy of cutting departments down to the quick nearly brought about a general collapse of financial control at a time when such control was pre-eminently needed; and the Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Commons last May with nine years' experience as First Lord of the Treasury, declared: 'I believe it is true, under modern conditions, of every department or almost every department of State, that it is, if not actually overworked, worked up to the highest pitch and strain its staff can possibly endure.'

If proverbs were true, this life of all work and no play would make the Civil Service Jack a very dull boy; and if some pessimists are to be believed, the work itself is equally dull. Their comments frequently remind one of William Wilberforce's criticism of England's greatest Minister:—

The necessity (he wrote) under which Mr. Pitt often lay, of opening and speaking upon subjects of a low and vulgarising quality, such as the excise on tobacco, wine, &c., topics almost incapable with propriety of an association with wit and grace, tended to produce a real mediocrity of sentiment and a lack of ornament, as well as to increase the impression that such was the nature of his oratory.

But this is not the feeling with which the picked Oxford or Cambridge scholar regards his daily task. Year after year he finds the work more absorbing; and the spirit of the Service was never more appreciatively described than by no less eminent a man of business than Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech delivered a few years since:—

Eighteen years ago (he said) I was first called to be the chief of a great office. I came to my work as an entire outsider, not without certain prejudices. I had heard a good deal of the circumlocution office, of red tape, and official obstruction, and I fully admit I expected to find a good deal of it where I was going. But, on the contrary, I found a body of trained experts, as businesslike as any men I ever met in my life, perfect encyclopædias of miscellaneous knowledge, with vast

stores of experience, all of which they gladly and cordially placed at the service of their temporary chief. I found every application from the public, however absurd (laughter), every complaint, however ill founded, and every suggestion, however wild and insane (renewed laughter), was treated with respect, was carefully examined, and was decided upon with a single eye to the public service and with an evident desire to do justice to every individual.

The words 'Superannuation' and 'Pension' may fitly ring down the curtain on the Civil Servant's career; and the advantage of the latter must certainly not be omitted from an estimate of his prospects. On reaching the age of sixty, he *can* retire if he wishes; he *must* retire, if the Head of his Department wishes. Otherwise he can remain till sixty-five, and then must retire, except in very exceptional cases, when it is in the public interest to retain him a year or two longer. On retirement he is entitled to an annual pension calculated at the rate of one-sixtieth of his salary for every year he has served, up to a maximum of forty-sixtieths (*i.e.* two-thirds). If compelled by ill-health to retire before sixty, he can still claim a pension calculated on the same basis if his service exceeds ten years; but if he has served less than ten years, he can only claim a lump-sum gratuity of as many months' pay as he has served years.

The career to which the retiring Civil Servant bids farewell contrasts sharply with that of his friends in business or the open professions. He has had the assurance of a moderate competence, which many of them have not, and of a pension on retirement. On the other hand, he earns none of the lucrative prizes, is rewarded by no drums and trumpets, such as are in store for a successful lawyer or doctor, financier or merchant, sailor or soldier. His choice of life, it has been said, is a compromise, and there is much truth in this. The salaries of the Permanent Secretaries of the Treasury and the Colonial Office are not half those of an ordinary Railway Manager; how many people outside the Service even know their names? And yet one administers the finances of a nation whose annual revenue and expenditure touch a hundred and fifty million pounds apiece; the other superintends an area over which the sun never sets. An honourable profession, interesting work, modest livelihood—this is what the Civil Service offers the aspiring youngster—this, and the epitaph that he has tried to do his duty to his country.

COMPTON WINYATES

At length it dawned, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crowned hills their summits rear;
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
 And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;
 Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer.
 Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
 Sweet air and song; and without hurry all seemed glad.

So James Thomson wrote, a hundred and fifty years ago or more, in 'The Castle of Indolence,' a book which nobody reads nowadays. As I turn over the leaves of that forgotten volume my mind goes back to a quiet valley in Warwickshire and a late summer day a year ago when I wandered thither with a learned clerk of London town, who was soon to be a canon of the Abbey of Westminster, and with two ladies, one of whom formally refused my hand and heart on the journey, preferring to pick mushrooms—being indeed but young—and with a notable man of letters who knew Warwick ways because he knew Shakespeare, no man so well. It was to an ancient house that we made our way. With us were blithe lads of Oxford, who made sport. One talked long and well of Irish things. Of one it is writ that he is 'a rare talker.' Past Chipping Norton, past Weston House and its memories of sea-fights, past unnumbered little houselets in country lanes, we went. And then we came to a place hid like a rare treasure from the eyes of men.

Some sixty years ago William Howitt found his way with difficulty to the almost deserted house of the Marquis of Northampton in Warwickshire. 'You never *seed* a house in sich a hole,' said a man of whom he asked the way, from Edgehill, down the Vale of the Red Horse, through Church-Tysoe. At last he came to the 'woody shades' of a 'solitary and most secluded valley'; and there was a romantic and venerable house, a 'scene of ruin,' outbuildings of all kinds 'in a state of great dilapidation.' The hall, the whole house indeed, was stripped. There was the old oak table that still remains, and a 'black jack of capacious dimensions': but besides that not a bench or a table, not a picture or piece of tapestry, was left. He discovered with delight two chapels, one

'a Popish chapel' in the roof. He admired the hall with its fine carvings, the music gallery, the sculptures in the chapel. He wondered at the desolation, and at the sale of old furniture. 'Oh, elections, sir! Elections. *They* did it that have brought the hammer into many a good old house.'

And so he began to gather, and to tell, fragments of the history of the Comptons. And the best that he had to give was the letter of the great heiress, Elizabeth Spencer, who married Sir William Compton, and when her father the rich merchant died, brought to her husband vast wealth. She wrote to her husband, who was overwhelmed with his new responsibilities, a letter which Mr. Howitt printed thus—

My sweet life, Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2,600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, or otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses, for me and my women, and I will have such carriages as be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chamber-maids', nor theirs with wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2,000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6,000*l.* to buy me jewels; and 4,000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do you find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chamber to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of place, fair hangings, and such like. So for

my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things there unto belonging. Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house and purchase land, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you when you be an earl, to allow me 2,000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.

The cumulative effect is superb. So determined a lady is likely to have made a great impression upon her contemporaries and to have transmitted strong characteristics to her descendants. The latter, at any rate, may be read as we read the history of England.

Few English families have for so many generations borne so honourable, if not commanding, a part among the chief men of their country. The first member of the family who became famous was groom of the bedchamber to Henry VIII., and, says Dugdale, 'within three years after, in consideration of his good and faithful service, had a special grant to himself and his heirs of an honourable augmentation to his arms, out of the King's own royal Ensign and Devises, viz. a Lion passant gardant Or; and for his crest, a demi Dragon erased gules, within a coronet of gold, upon a torse argent and vert.' Henry VIII.'s arms are over the gateway of the house he built. A modern book says, with the unintentional ill-nature of compression which makes much of our informing literature such painful reading, that 'Sir William Compton was present at the battle of Spurs and field of the Cloth of Gold, and had estates in twenty counties of England and the favour of Henry VIII.' It seems that he pulled down a house at Fulbrook (is that the village near Burford?) and transported the materials to Compton Winyates in 1509. I am sorry for the horses. Others of the family have had much higher titles to honour. One was a familiar of James, 'Black Northampton': another, a gallant Cavalier, fell at Hopton Heath in 1643. The former was the man who received the letter quoted above, and it is said that he won his wife's hand by disguising himself as a baker and carrying her away in an empty bread-basket. The latter was killed at the moment of victory, when he was charging, Rupert-like, in advance of his men. To the crop-ears who offered him quarter he answered, 'I scorn to take quarter from such base rogues as you are': and so died Spencer Compton. He had been a stalwart supporter of the King from the first: his father William Compton, the first Earl, had paid for his peerage, if the

Treasury records are to be trusted ; but there are two opinions of the matter, and the Comptons to-day think he did not buy it. It is better, indeed, to call it 'the payment of large fees.' Anyhow, if he bought, he paid in the straightforward way, as an honourable man of high power and wit might in those days, not after the fashion of those for whose gold the nineteenth century towards its close found a use.

The Comptons remained staunch to their sovereigns. James I. was often at Castle Ashby ; I do not know if he was ever at Compton Winyates. His visits were expensive, and Lord Northampton seems to have hinted as much, for one year the King went to Sir Henry Yelverton's instead, 'who entertained him so splendidly as did make Lord Northampton's penury the more disliked.' But this was before the rich lady's money came in : then the Earl's magnificence knew no bounds. He visited the Pakingtons at Westwood with a train of a hundred knights, and so well was the entertainment liked that the guests said they did not know whether they possessed the place or the place them. Such was the first Earl : his lady did not overawe him. Later Comptons have done wisely and well. The Bishop of London whom James II. in vain tried to terrorise will not be forgotten. It has been a family of trusty counsellors, unselfish statesmen, good bishops. And so it endures.

To-day, as when Howitt wrote, the ways to Compton Winyates are perilous and long. From Chipping Norton—to take another road than his—it is a rough thirteen miles down sharp hills and through a maze of country roads. We pass Long Compton, that little hamlet which Mr. Norman Gale has tried to raise to a grandeur which it scarcely deserves. It is certainly a very pretty village, but not a terrestrial Paradise. Its fine church commands it, and as you rise again towards Brailes seems to rise with you above all petty human interests, strong, safe, an immemorial support. At eventime as you come back, you come

'At last
Upon the hills that keep,
As mothers watch their babes asleep,
Long Compton guarded in the vale :
There as a dreaming child it lay
And took the evening light.'

As the shadows fall this autumn and we hurry through the Cotswold vale, it is a happy memory of beautiful days that goes with us.

So the long day sped on. Through the great park of Weston,

past the big house of impossible Gothic, by lanes, across village greens, down steep hills, and there at last is the quiet house of the Comptons. A very diminutive Hampton Court of Elizabeth's day, you say, unspoiled by William and the Dutch, or the 'royal house of Hanover and Protestant succession.' Its central court has just the air, in miniature, of that you remember by the Thames: and for river there is the most delightful little fish-pond, which is the remains of the moat, all crowded with water plants and reflecting the roof and gables of the house. At its other side, still in this deep valley—the very bottom of the hole, as Howitt's friend might say—is a raised garden, with terrace and yew hedge, so quiet and formal as it might please my lord Bacon himself.

What strange tales grow about such a house as this! Years ago some children went into a room they had not seen before and found a tumbled bed. Before long the tale was spread that there had been a skeleton there: and now the story is that they found seven skeletons. Not long ago a visitor asked to see the torture room, and, when the servant expressed surprised incredulity, said that he felt sure he could find his way to it from what he had heard. So he did: and when he got there he pointed triumphantly to some hooks used to hang cheeses on, and said that, of old, men had been transixed on them.

Is there anything more depressing than a show-house? Warwick Castle, where the visitors steal the writing paper, and the hideous ornaments are dwelt on with pride by the solemn *cicerone*, is terrible. But Compton Winyates, so much as you see of it, is quite human, or shall I say homely? The hall, very like that at Chastleton, is bare, and shows off the bits of fine oak that are left, the gallery and the doors, without affectation. And the council-chamber, as they call it, with its five doors, and its three ways up to the priest's chamber, or Papist chapel, above, is entirely unfurnished. There is very good panelling, and that is all. The hiding-places that we see in the house behind fire-places are all open now. Every secret is revealed: and there is something pathetic in the old room, with the crosses cut on the beam that perhaps served for altar, with its three ways of escape. Was it much used? There are stories, but I do not know them, about concealments here. The Comptons have been too loyal to Church and King, one would fancy, to conceal much. You feel, when you see their portraits—which are not here but at Castle

Ashby—that they would make poor plotters. It may be a pity that these rooms are not fitted up now, the one for a chaplain's study, the other for the oratory where the household might meet to pray, in no fear of persecution now. But doubtless one chapel is enough in the house. And if they were both chapels, and one very private, you would not see them, I suppose; and you would lose one illustration of the Cotswold history.

It was a lonely country, the very place to hide men in: and such a homely place as this would never be thought to shelter fugitives. It would be a long way for the pursuivant: and his carriage would break down in the mire or his horse be bogged before he got there. So you may fancy: but it is as a home most of all, though it was so unlike one sixty years ago, that the house strikes you. Quite simple, secluded, with no assertion of dignity, is the house: a typical Tudor comfortable dwelling-place, built in that delightful red brick of which we never seem now to catch the tone, and taking something of its colouring from the hills and trees among which it rests.

The thought of repose, indeed, is over the whole. Again comes Thomson to mind, though the folk here are not indolent, forsooth—

No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear;
But all is calm as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature and all art.

A place of quiet rest indeed it is, and that with the thought of prayer over it that leads apart from strife. The men who built of old did not forget God. The house in its seclusion is yet not alone.

Hard by is the church, a very quaint piece of Tudor Gothic, with pews that would have satisfied Sir Roger de Coverley and a sounding-board to the high pulpit that might have had justice done to it by Swift or South. In 1644, when the house was captured—one would think that from its position it could not have stood a long siege—the Parliament men defaced all the monuments. They were put back again, as best they might be, when the church was rebuilt after the Restoration. Here is the

tomb of Sir William Compton, faithful servant to Charles I. and Charles II., and here the banners and a few of the herald's trappings that kept in memory the honoured dead, with after them the hatchments of later years. It is a church that one may imagine Master Inglesant to worship in, or Master George Herbert to deck with flowers and perfume with incense, as was his wont. Very quiet, homely, companionable, in the service of God. When it is restored, may it escape the hands of the 'restorer.' In no place that I know would it be easier to reproduce the simple worship of Stewart times. There is the eighteenth-century barrel organ ready for use, with all the appropriate tunes. Let us try to put ourselves back in the days of Anne.

But night falls, and it is difficult to get away from, as it is to approach, this haunt of ancient peace. One last look down upon it through the trees as we slowly climb the hill. There it must be easy to live the best life of our forefathers. There it must be natural to be noble and chivalrous and devout. So may it always be! Compton Winyates is one of the few houses left that can never disappoint us.

W. H. HUTTON.

YESTERDAY'S ROSES.

AND so, my sweetest Letitia, when the porters had opened the great gates and we passed within, there was the Dean himself coming to meet us. There was something rustical in his air as he gave me his hand to help me from the coach. I swear, Letitia, that he smelt of new hay. He had been haymaking indeed, and here and there a bleached bit of sweetness was fast in his wig. His stockings, grey-blue, were knitted by country hands: of that I am sure. He will never lose the honest farmer air into which he was born. In his hands he carried a great bouquet of pinks and roses, which he offered me with a grace. Summervill was dressed in all her airs, but he had no eyes for her, nor would she desire it, good soul, seeing that she gives way in all things to me. We packed her off with the Dean's niece, an obliging girl with a milkmaid face and a very pretty flowered sacque. They were happy together.

You will want to know what I was wearing. Well, I had on my pink damask, and about my shoulders a little China kerchief sprigged in gold. I was wearing my shepherdess's hat of yellow straw, covered over with roses and tied below my chin with pink ribbons. Oh, indeed, we were fine, Summervill and I. We dress furiously when we go a-visiting.

As for what you tell me of Scudamore, pray reassure him. I have no thoughts of the Dean. I have no thoughts of anyone. Oh, la, la, none at all. The Queen bids me in a letter from Windsor last week not to go a-marrying in this wild country. It is a vastly obliging country. But I am a London thing. I will return to St. James's. Her Majesty's mind may be at rest.

As for Scudamore, he is concerned about the honour of our family. I could consider him more, if it were not that he stood by while I, a frightened chit of sixteen, was given to that marriage of which I dare not speak even to you, dearest Letitia. No matter—it is over: the savage sea yet lashes those prison walls. But I am free. I was made for joy, and I am joyful.

Shall I tell you what the Dean's house is like? You never in all your life saw anything so pretty. Without the gates is the white village, its street climbing the hill to the bridge over the

river, which flows under great trees. The house and domain hide behind high walls. Within, you never saw such velvet green, Letitia. The heart of an emerald deep down has a hint of such colour. It make the eyes to ache. The shadows under the trees are greener than anything I could name.

The house, grey and low, sits upon its terraces and looks over the fairest prospect. Every door and window stood open, and the rooms within were full of a green light. There are steps in a grassy terrace up to the door. At one side was the great parlour, with its large bow covered in honeysuckle. Within, as I presently found, was a maze of parlours. One found them at the end of little corridors, up little flights of steps, and as like as not down them. They smelt of roses and orange-flower water. They were full of ingenuities. In the great parlour the chairs were broidered. In one, half-finished, a rusted needle yet remained.

I asked no questions, Letitia, but I guessed whose busy hand had left that task unfinished. She was older than the Dean, a good housekeeping soul, never seen at balls or routs. Doubtless he misses her. I liked the faithfulness that kept her needle.

We had breakfast in the shade of a copper-beech on the lawn. Strawberries and roses, cherries and a syllabub, good country cream and butter, with a dripping golden honeycomb, and a dish of China tea—all these to the tune of a tinkling river below the lawn, out of sight.

Not far away the mowers reaped. But where we were was yet a sheet of white and gold, so fine on its green bed that it grieved me to think on haymaking. Such fine ancient trees were about the lawn that I never wish to see better, and the white and rosy flowers of the chestnuts, not yet over, made the prettiest companions for the thorn-trees out in full splendour.

After breakfast the Dean and I went away from the house, through a little wood full of bluebells, and along a quiet terraced walk, from which he assured me was the fairest view possible to be had of his estate.

We found a round stone seat, with a little arbour covering it, just great enough for us two, as I thought. But we were scarcely seated when we had a great many more lodgers to our arbour, for there came a flight of robins, all very bold, and settled themselves about us, one even perching himself on the Dean's wig. Then the honest man, smiling, drew out from his gown a handful of sweet crumbs, with which he proceeded to regale the rascals;

nor when they had finished their feast could they be prevailed upon to go away, but went hopping and pecking about us, a pack of spoilt rascals, for sure.

There was so much to look upon from that fair prospect that I should weary you, Letitia, before I were half-way through the tale. Far away beyond the green fields we could see the harbour, and the ships at anchor riding there. We saw the river, a broad ribbon of silver slipping through its sands beyond the majestic Customs House ; and past that the half-moon of hills into which the city is gathered.

This far away. But at our feet spread the estate itself ; and never were so many beautiful things gathered into so small an enclosure. For not only were there our haymakers, but in pastures beyond there were the tiny black cows of the country lying in the shade or quietly feeding. And under the trees we caught sight of the spots on a deer's hide. The Dean has a small herd of the timid creatures, as fearless with him as the robins.

And yet nearer were gardens, with box borders and clipped yew hedges—the Irish yew is not inferior to ours—and the kitchen gardens, whence came our cherries and strawberries, with a very fine southern wall for the fruit. A little brook meanders below the terraces, and at one point widens to a pond full of very fine trout, and such rustic bridges and houses for the swans, such grottoes and arbours, and double hedges and mazes, that it must have exhausted ingenuity to devise the like. Perhaps you have discovered before this that Nature never enclosed so many beauties within one pale. You are right, my Letitia. Much of the beauty of the place is the Dean's thought ; and never artifice wore so sweet a face.

Now, lest I weary you with my painting of still life, I will tell you something of my talk with the Dean. When I had praised his estate even to satisfy him, I was struck by his unusual silence. I looked up at him, and I found his eyes fixed on me with a very tender regard.

‘If Mistress Molly would but stoop to lift what is laid at her feet,’ he said.

‘That may not be,’ I replied ; and, would you believe it, Letitia, I was conscious as I said it of something sharp as a regret ?

‘Alas, I feared so,’ he answered very gently. ‘Indeed, had I not known the sadness of the past, I would never have dreamed that anything so bright and beautiful would mate with one so unequal.’

'Not unequal, Mr. Dean,' I said hastily. 'Happy is she who could accept so fair a lot as you offer her.'

'Your eyes are dove's eyes,' he said seriously, 'and your beauty terrible to me as an army with banners. I could not think that any desert of my own would entitle me to the felicity I have asked for. Forget that I asked it. I have nothing to offer you but rest. If the day should come, and I am still here, when Mistress Molly tires of the world, this place and its owner are laid at her feet.'

You would hardly believe, Letitia, with what regret I turned my back upon the place and its owner. I am in gaities to my neck. To-night I dine with the Viceroy and Vice-Queen. It is the gayest place. What with promenading the Green, and driving to Lucan to take the waters; what with routs at the Rotunda, and dinners and country-visiting, and cards and masked balls! I came for rest and change. I have found change and no rest. Did I tell you how I visited the Veseys at Lucan, feasted on trout taken out of the river before their hall-door, and drank milk in their dairy where the rose-leaves had drifted through the windows and lay in heaps on the floor? It is an enchanting country. Summervill and I find it hard to tear ourselves away. And for beauty! I had a quadrille table of beauties last night. And fine gentlemen! Not Bellamy is finer. Their plumage is as gay as ours; and they are as ready with a pretty speech to a woman as with their pistols in defence of her honour.

You see I could not keep Bellamy out of my letter. Alas! Letitia, your Moll is no wiser than before. But for Bellamy I had taken the Dean. But for Bellamy, even the Queen's command had not brought me back. It is a gay and gentle country, and it has no bitter memories for me. Bid Scudamore set his mind at rest. But tell him no more than that. I have not yet come to keeping the sea between me and Bellamy.

A YEAR LATER.

MY DEAREST LETITIA,—Your Moll has come to her right mind. You remember when I left London in February, and even to my dearest sister would not reveal the cause of my flight, and why I broke with Bellamy after the years in which I had loved him, and borne his heats and colds, his praises and his scorns. I often think, Letitia, that with us women our love but burns more fiercely when the object hurts us. So it was with me and that nobleman. His inexplicable coldness, his slights, his

neglect, but made my unhappy heart cling to him the more closely. He had it in his power to admit me into Heaven, to thrust me into Hell. It was too much, seeing what I had endured before. But now, Letitia, his power is broken for ever.

You know how I left London, shamed, wounded in my dearest feelings, bearing such a hurt that I could not reveal it even to you. Yet I had been so happy—Bellamy's promised bride, himself ardently in love with me after all those years during which he tortured me; everyone, even Scudamore, smiling on our union. Had woman ever a fairer prospect?

Alas! Letitia, I will tell you now what is revealed to only one other person—and it is buried deep in his honest breast—I will tell you why I fled from the place that had known my happiness to this soft island of healing, where all the world has been kind. I can tell you now, for the wound is closed up, only the lightest cicatrix remaining of that I thought had proved mortal.

On the eve of my marriage with Bellamy I discovered that another woman had a greater right to him than I—that *I* was to push out not only that unhappy woman, but little children who had even a tenderer claim.

I will confess to you, Letitia, that at first . . . but no, there are betrayals of the heart that will not bear even the light of sisterly eyes upon them. I tore myself from him, I endured his amazement—women of fashion did not take such things to heart, he said—his incredulity, his growing fear, his anguish, his anger. Oh, Letitia, I was not yet so cured of my old habit of love for him that these things did not break me. When I fled from London and his solicitations, it was but to hide from him. I was the most miserable wretch alive. I dared not see you then; and my affectionate Summervill feared for my reason before the illness which threatened my life purged me of my madness.

You know the rest, Letitia, how the unhappy object of my affections found a woman of fashion less scrupulous than I. It did not need a Lady Bellamy to uproot his image from my heart. When I came out of my sickness I found to my delight that I was my own woman once more, after that thralldom. Letitia, the sweetest thing in all the world is rest.

Rest after toyle, port after stormy seas.

It is a year ago to-day since I sat with the Dean in the garden of his country-house. To-day I had a fancy to keep the anniversary, and I have kept it. I could have closed my eyes and

believed it last year, the day when I was tossed about in happiness because I had had a letter from Bellamy, and it was kind.

I had a fancy to attire myself just as I did last year. If the pink damask were faded, 'twould not be so in the Dean's eyes. I wore my white and gold kerchief about my shoulders, and my hat of roses.

When my woman had finished dressing me, I looked in the glass. Could I be she who had endured such things from Bellamy—who had far back, in the days of her youth, such a martyrdom as my marriage? I needed no rouge for my cheeks, no scarlet for my lips, no eyebright for my eyes. I saw my hair clustering in golden rings like the hair of a child, and remembered how the Dean had praised me because I had the courage not to wear powder.

Once again our coach passed through the high green gates; once again the Dean came to greet us with roses in his hands. It was last year over again—'with a difference.' For no sooner had I passed within the gates than I felt the beauty and peace of it folding me in.

There was a young man there, a Mr. Greene, a councillor, whom I thought to be taken with Peggy, the Dean's niece.

We left them, with Summervill, to spread our meal beneath the trees, and entered the house. I thought there was a little dust on the great parlour, on the Japan chests, and the gilt mirrors; that the curtains of crimson mohair hung awry. That minx, Peggy, has been too occupied with Councillor Greene to be as careful as usual—or perhaps . . . but you shall hear.

I visited the new library the Dean is making for himself, and had in my mind twenty schemes for its decoration. The Duke had breakfast with him yesterday, he told me, and Lord Orrery and a rout of Hamiltons, very learned ladies.

Presently we passed out on the terrace, and walked along it to the little gate beyond which his church is, with the graves around it, all in a green shadow of peace. And came back again to the seat which held but the Dean and me and a pack of impudent robins.

We heard the laughter of the young people below, and the sound of the mowers' scythes. A thrush sang at us from a high tree-top and presently dropped down to peck at the almonds the Dean carried for him, and which he had much ado to keep from those rogues, the robins. The place was in full flush of beauty. The air so full of roses and sweetbriars that I have never smelt the like; jessamine and pinks in full bloom. The fruit ripening,

and the hay spread out below us so that it added to the sweets. Besides this, the birds were all singing, so that we scarcely needed the harper whom the Dean had hidden in a grove near the breakfast-table to make us his wild sweet music.

Then, as we sat together, I with my hands in my pink lap, I said :
'There is no place in all the world so sweet in which to rest.'

And when I had said it, the Dean looked at me, and said he :
'It will be long before anything so beautiful and so desired craves for rest.'

'Nay,' I said, 'I am the tireddest woman alive.'

And indeed, Letitia, it came into my mind at that moment that this was the quiet haven towards which my feet had been tending all my days, that after the horror of my marriage, and the years during which Bellamy broke my heart, this was the thing the Lord held in reserve for me at last.

I looked at the good face of my Dean and loved him. I have had enough of men's cruelty, and I know not which passion is crueller—their love or their hate. And suddenly I perceived that the sweetest thing in all the world is rest.

Rejoice with me, Letitia. Scudamore will be vexed and will remember that my Dean comes of a peasant stock. I owe Scudamore no duty, or I should ask you to reconcile him. The Queen will upbraid me ; but she will forgive me because she loves me ; and I think she and the King will have me married at Windsor.

Oh, Letitia, you will see my Paradise before the summer is over. On the right of the hall is a very pretty square room, with a large dressing-room within it which I hope will be my dearest sister's apartment when she makes me happy with her company.

You shall know my brook with its high bank and hanging wood of evergreens, my long walls covered with fruit and bordered with flowers, my hedges of sweetbriar, my terrace walks and parterres, and the prettiest orangery in the world. The rurality of it all is wonderfully pretty. There are my kitchen garden and the fruit gardens, and many other prettinesses I cannot explain to you—little wild walks, hidden seats, lovely prospects.

And you shall see him, without whom all this would be nothing. You shall see him whom rank and intellect combine to honour—you shall see the finest gentleman in Ireland—ay, or in England—the Dean.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

